MONSTROUS ARCANUM

WARHAMMER

Skin Wolves
Boncgrinder Giants
Colossal Igrig
Hippogryphs
Preyton
Griffon
Basilisk
Wyvern
Djinn
Dread Maw

Atlas Monstrum
N
W
E
Mammoths
Cur'sd Ettin
aw
K'daai
Shard Dragon
Bale Taurus
Mourngul
Fire Dragons
Magma Dragon
Stone Scorpions
Fimir
Basilisk
Spiders
Carmine Dragon
Merwyrm

Warhammer
Monstrous Arcanum

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Welcome one and all to Monstrous Arcanum — the first book in a new series from Warhammer Forge. As its name suggests this book will deal with a veritable carnival of monsters, both arcane and bloodthirsty, all of which are intended to sow terror across the Warhammer world and take to the battlefield at your command.

Within these pages you will find nightmarish horrors and noble beasts, creatures of magic made flesh and the victims of terrible curses inflicted by insane gods. Few, if any, will be familiar to you for these are not commonplace monsters, but rather the inhabitants and haunters of the darker, forgotten corners of the Warhammer world, the subjects of legendry and strange tales, forbidden lore and outcast creatures that walk alone.

As well as containing a plethora of new monsters for use in your games of Warhammer, you will also find evocative stories and a wealth of new scenarios, magic artefacts and items, and even a short narrative campaign, all designed to bring Warhammer Forge's ever-expanding range of monsters to life in your games.

The monsters are presented in the book in the form of Binding Scrolls, which will be familiar to anyone who owns the Storm of Magic rules expansion for Warhammer (the rules for which we have repeated in this book for your convenience). The use of these monsters though is not limited to the wider Storm of Magic rules, and indeed you will find scenarios and special rules allowing you to incorporate these deadly monsters in your regular Warhammer battles, and a helpful appendix chart so you can theme your choice of monsters to your chosen army.

It only remains for me to offer a big round of thanks to everybody involved in the creation of this book and the monsters within. This has been a truly collaborative effort, so to my fellow writers, to the artists, designers and sculptors who have helped breathe life into a new generation of Warhammer monsters, thanks.

Be careful, the contents of this book have teeth!

Alan Bligh

BEYNON

Of the Late War

Being an account of the late conflict to trouble our fair city of Vedenza and also treatise in part of the beasts and creatures of might and bellicose power abroad in the world and their uses both martial and as agencies of destruction, their arcane and base proclivities, mastery and kinship.

Prepared by the hand and mind of *Orsini Sardus* for the august Council of Tears of the Great City of Vedenza, in the one hundred and fourth year of the Second Republic, by the light of blessed Myrmidia and the shadow of chill Hagh.

May any who read these words without warrant be broken and blinded.

The world is dark and full of horrors; this much is self-evident to any with eyes to see and the wit to know. The civilisation of Mankind is beset on all sides by creatures and beasts of all kinds, but through iron and blood we have endured and prospered down the millennia. We have done so by slaughtering lest we be slaughtered and in some instances turning the beasts that prey upon us to our own advantage in our never-ending wars to survive and expand. It is by the training of such 'lesser' but still mighty beasts such as the Griffon and the Pegasus that the armies of the Empire of Sigmar and the lordly realm of Bretonnia are strengthened, and by the powerful magics of the fell Vampire bloodlines and the champions of the Dark Gods that undead abominations and unholy Daemons are summoned, to name but a handful of such dread legions abroad in the world. Beyond these comparably few and well-known examples there ranges an unknown and unknowable legion of terrors whose names and natures are to most no more than legend and myth, whether bloody or glorious, from the fiery Arcane Phoenix so honoured by the Elf-kin of Ulthuan, to the great thunder-lizards at whose foot-stamp the earth trembles on Lustria's far, forlorn shores to the frightful serpent-Naga of dim Khuresh whose lives are said to be counted as the ages of the world, and whose appetite for blood shames even the ancient queens of thrice-cursed Lahmia. With these are a host of other beasts that walk or crawl or fly, perhaps less-famed but no less dangerous to those unfortunate enough to find the truth behind their legends: Basilisk, Mourngul, Curs'd Ettin and Dread Maw, burning K'daai and Stone Scorpion, Carrion Wing and Merwyrm – each are far more than fireside tales told behind the stout walls of a castle's keep or within the bustle of an inn's tap room. Each is real and each hungers.

OF THE RESTRAINT OF BEASTS

All such monsters are creatures of magic, and each in their order feels the invisible tempests that scour our world and are provoked and roused when the arcane winds vex wrathful and slumber as they subside. So it is at the beck and call of these unseen forces that Chimera stir in their charnel lairs and dragons awake to lay waste to the land. They are as dancers who reel and turn as slaves to a music whose timbre mere mortals cannot hear and whose beat they cannot anticipate. There are those humans however, touched by the *'Witch Sight'* as the common folk are apt to call it, who can perceive the flow of the great winds of magic, wizards such as myself among them. For those such as we – although I am truthful enough to account my own talent as that of a middling rank in matters of spell-craft compared to some – such rising storms of power present an oft-times deadly temptation to work our wonders and dream our dreams of greatness fuelled by an abundance of force there but ours for the taking, as foolhardy as it may be to try to master the tumult and bend it to our wills. One way that this might be done with some small measure of safety is the practice of what the wizards of old knew as the Arcana of Kadon. In ancient days long before the founding of the Imperial Colleges of Magic in the northern lands and the so-called 'gifting' of magic to Mankind by Teclis the Elven, Kadon was a human wielder of magic whose power has matched any before or since. He is called in some texts *'The Shackler'* and with good reason, for among his many great works were the greater scrolls of Binding that allow a wizard through their enchantments to all but enslave any monster no matter how huge or mighty to their will, at least for a time. These ancient works are rare, and their enchantments all but impossible to unleash except when the tempest of magic

blows strong, but for their power they are prized beyond the riches of the world. Kadon's scrolls are nothing in truth except weapons in the hands of us mere mortals, weapons that can shatter armies, break cities, murder hope and raise up glory, and their shadow is cast long over the paths of fate and the pages of history. There are those, even counted among the wise and powerful, that would claim that Kadon's works are unique and irreplaceable, artefacts of a bygone time whose number will one day dwindle into extinction — this is of course nothing but lies and ignorance made manifest by those such as the Elves, too hidebound and arrogant to confess that humans are capable of achieving something they cannot. This and deliberate falsehoods woven in myth and pauper-shriven lore meted out in the Imperial Colleges and elsewhere that serve the tellers of such untruths well indeed and keep those that hear them in ignorance. The truth is that while Kadon's greatest works – the scrolls such as he used to bind the legendary leviathan *Monmos* to his will and ensnare the Seven Drakes of Mourn – were works that none now living could attempt to fully comprehend, let alone imitate. But lesser works whose enchanted webs can enrapture the minds of beasts of prey such as the Manticore and Hippogriff hold much within them a keen mind touched by the winds of magic can grasp. The revelations of arcane import that can be gained from them by one with a wizard's arts are as inexplicable to other men and women as colour must remain forever beyond the grasp of one born without eyes to see. But it is suffice perhaps to say that particularly one such as myself to whom the winds of *Ghur* – the amber blood-fire of Beasts, the echo of the great struggle of predator and prey, fractured from the pure force of the arcane storm in the human mind – has the greatest affinity of all magical energy, these secrets come by far the easiest, as is only fitting as Kadon is our spiritual forefather. Such works of binding have I, ***Orsini Sardus,*** created, although flawed and petty in comparison I confess to the ancient work of Kadon's hands, and know of others, both human and *inhuman* who have done the same and more.

OF THE WAR OF BEASTS

In case of point to which my previous comments have been in preface, is the recent conflict to which I am given to know is already being spoken of in ports and cities from Brionne to Al-Haikk as our fair city of Vedenza's 'War of Beasts'. It is to my account of this conflict that you have charged me to testify, and while I am currently forced to recuperate from my injuries, sustained as you are no doubt aware in defence of the Council's interests, I have in answer chosen to compile this volume gathering up such lore as I have learned in your service, and within it set out my testimony.

There arose in the winter of the year 103 of the Second Republic a great disturbance in the winds of magic, which howled in violent tumult across the Tilean Sea to the east and the Abasko Mountains of the northern mainland. To the eyes of those who could see them, the squalls of sorcerous power that ripped down the mountainsides and shimmered blackly in the deep were but a precursor to a greater storm to come, while the common folk quailed before signs and portents manifest throughout the nearby lands. Grey Kraken were sighted off the Sartosan coast and many proud galleass and trade barques were lost to ambushing storms in the gulf or the Krakens' grasp, and the fangs of devil-fish churned the waters red with the blood of the lost. Famine struck the southern Estalian kingdoms as black ash rained from clear skies for eight days and nights, smothering crops and befouling the water so that all who drank it were sickened. High in the mountains monsters were bestirred and stories came thick and fast of caravans attacked by flocks of winged harpies, of the ill-storied storm dragon *Iaybas* of the Sapphire Eye sighted in the skies near Tobaro, and most singularly of a pair of savage Manticore seen devouring a giant by a party of holy mendicants on pilgrimage to the Abbey of Askara. In the city-states of Tilea such omens were seen as portents of encroaching doom, and whispers of wars and disasters real and imagined filled the shadows of dockside sinks and noble palaces alike. Only in Vedenza, long

shunned by its distant neighbours, were these signs seen by some as not merely portents of ill-fortune, but also of opportunity, for the seal and banner of the city is no other than the Manticore itself, and the coming storm might see the fruition of a plan long conceived, and patiently prepared and plotted.

THE SECRETS OF THE RED VAULT

I need not tell you of the Red Vault buried deep beneath the drowned catacombs of our fair city, its design or principal inhabitant, but I shall only note that for more than a century now it has also served as a repository for arcana and strange lore for Vedenza and its greatest treasure store. It is here that amid the golden trinkets of a dozen lands, enchanted blades and graven idols lay scrolls of power and foremost among them three bearing the Sigil of Kadon. As the Republic prepared for war above — for war was soon to be inevitable by consent of all augury and wisdom, so were Kadon's scrolls brought forth with other arcane treasures and arms for the coming conflict, as well as coffers of bright gold for the payment of mercenaries and corsairs for the city's needs.

Long have I, ***Orsini Sardus***, been a loyal servant of Vedenza, as spy, saboteur, merchant and assassin, emissary and explorer I have executed the will of the Council well. As such was one of Kadon's binding scrolls given to me, while another was given to Tazadis of Araby, court Alchemist of the Council, and the third to ***She*** who is not to be named. To three courses were we sent, Tazadis to the mountains of the north to seek out the Manticores and bind them to our cause, myself to the open seas in perilous quest to garner the alliance of the hungry deep, aided by certain other treasures of the Red Vault, while ***She*** was dispatched elsewhere on her dark business. We were to have little time before the trumpet blast of war was blown.

THE FOLLY OF LARHGOZ

Since its glorious re-conquest from Estalian overlordship, the neighbouring petty kingdoms of Geulata and Larhgoz have harboured the spiteful and jealous desire to once again gain mastery of the fair city of Vedenza and its lands, and after oft made mischief and open war against us. Now in this time of troubles did the kingdom of Larhgoz, harrowed by famine and want, once again resume its spiteful attack upon us with the coming of Spring, hurling against us its full might and panoply in hopes of smashing aside our still-gathering forces and taking for a prize the hill farms and fecund lagoons which surround us for their own. The Estalians brought with them their chivalry, the retainers of Larhgoz and free-lances beguiled by promise of fame and vengeance — a thousand steel-clad knights in heavy plate, bright of armour and dark of heart. With them mixed *Tercio* regiments of glaive- and crossbow-armed veterans, and with them all manner of bandit rabble, spurred on by the hunger in their bellies. Such we might have expected, but the winds of magic rode high, and long had the King of Larhgoz, Vidar, seventh of his name, had the reputation of a butcher and consorter with fell powers, for with him rode the ***Mortiara*** – that forbidden sect of Morr, outcast from their church for their nightmarish heresy – the ***Strega*** of the Bone Hills, curses burning on their lips, and bloody packs of Skin Wolves, loping, savage were-creatures as tall as an ogre, culled from the shunned clans of their arid domains, running at their heels.

DEATH UPON THE SHORE

We met them upon the coastal plain to the north-west of the city, drawn up in defence with mercenary regiments of Tobaran *Peviser* and Sartosan cutthroats drawn up at the flanks of our own Republican Guard and brazen artillery train. Cannonade, shot and bolt ripped into the oncoming charge of the Estalian knights, but even though they were cut down by the score, they did not falter, and soon the lines met and locked in bloody battle. No quarter was asked or given, and the grasslands and hills ran red with the blood of the fallen. The Skin Wolves tore through the Sartosans, reaving gory ruin as bodies were hurled into the air like shredded dolls, while chain-shot from our bombards smashed hammer-blows through the Estalian ranks. Spells and enchantments were unleashed, and men collapsed vomiting up their own entrails, else turned on former allies with murderous hate. The Estalians' superior numbers and the malevolent fury of their Skin Wolves were crushing our battle-line back upon itself, and slowly our valiant forces were being pushed back, their flank turned, towards the shoreline and certain death. What was to happen next seems to the spinners of stories to have been a brilliant masterstroke, but I know it was nonesuch, only the fickle hand of fortune and perhaps Myrmidia smiling upon us.

From the north came Tazadis of Araby riding the skies alongside one of the ferocious Manticores he had been sent to recover, and with him a dozen flocks of harpies, lusting for prey. From the sea came my own galleon, *The Pride of Zora,* cannons thundering, and with me the fruits of my expedition's own tribulations; a great Merwyrm of the depths. *Silak* I had named him — after the old tales — when I had bound him with Kadon's scroll. A huge beast, part dragon, part sea-serpent, longer from horn to tail-tip than one of the great whales of the northern seas, a ship breaker he was and a devourer, with a bone-armoured maw that yawned wide enough to swallow a prince's coach in one bite. We fell upon the enemy savagely, the harpies screaming in from the air to pluck men from horseback and leave only a rain of blood in their wake, the sight of the Manticore alone steeling the hearts of our guardsmen while it tore into the Skin Wolves, the hunters suddenly turned prey as the Arabyan's blasting fire exploded amongst the chanting *Mortiara*. I ordered the *Pride* run aground alongside the battle, her broadsides still firing, and worked the winds of magic to confound the outmatched *Strega* and sent out hunting spears of Amber wrath drawn from the Æther to slay them each in turn. But it was the mighty and terrible *Silak* that turned the tide. As the great beast rose up from the seas and crawled on the shore, his bellowing challenge drowned out the din of battle and as his shadow fell upon them, brave men turned and fled in terror. Close by the shore few were fast enough to escape him, as with speed that belied his colossal bulk he swept down upon them, his jaws wide, and devoured them like ants, swallowing up bodies, steel and screams into his black maw with indifferent and endless hunger. The foe broke and ran, and what followed was more murder than battle. Afterward, it was only by triumph of my will that I was able to quell the bloodlust of *Silak* and set him to slumber in the deep. We were victorious, although the butcher's bill had been great, and the bells of the city peeled in joyous cacophony to greet us. Our triumph however was to be short-lived.

THE COMING OF THE RAT MEN

The blight known as the Skaven has since time out of mind afflicted the lands of Tilea, and the shadow of the Horned Rat has been the nightmare of generations. They are a perfidious menace, watchful, cruel and cancerous, ever ready to exploit weakness and pounce upon the wounded. So was it to be with us. On the very night of our great victory and the rout of the Estalians, the loathsome rat men came pouring from their secret caves and the dark places of the earth. Such had been their plan all along, and although what insidious whispers they had planted within the ears of the Larhgozan nobility in order to awake their wrath, or even what foul pact they had perhaps struck with King Vidar himself shall doubtless likely remain unknown to us, their schemes had born full fruit. As catspaws the Estalians had performed admirably and the battle had more than decimated our forces and rendered the survivors wounded and weary, but they had not broken or defeated us as perhaps the rat men had hoped, and so rather than opt for an all-out attack as perhaps they had planned, the Skaven first set to overrunning and ravaging the lands to the north of the city. In a scurrying tide of chittering hate they befouled and burned everything and every soul that could not escape them. In a single night they scoured all life in the leagues between the mountains and the sea and spared nothing, slaughtering and enslaving even their Estalian pawns retreating in disarray back along the coast road north, so not even one fleeing knight is said to have escaped them.

As reports of the horrific attack began to pour into the city, and the fires of burning villages bloomed upon the dark horizon, celebration turned to terror and panic in Vedenza. The bells now tolled for curfew within the Citadel's walls and the braze-shod gates were shut and barred, but already the enemy was within. The assassins came scurrying in the darkness, as silent as sleep. Their intelligence was impeccable, but they yet underestimated us as we had long intended, though even with all our preparations we took losses, the most grievous of which was the death of Tazadis of Araby, who fell stabbed a half-hundred times upon the steps of the Citadel, the chimes of victory still ringing in his ears. But for every blade in the darkness that found its mark, a dozen did not, and the shrouded assassin that came for me I left nailed to the door of my tower house as a sign to his verminous kin — for it is not for nothing that I have walked for years in the forgotten places of this world and yet live. That the city was not taken from below, as is the Skaven's desire when they can, is a testament to the labyrinth of half-flooded sea-catacombs that riddle the promontory of rock upon which our walled city stands, and to the malignity and hunger of the things which dwell there. We were besieged and the mainland denied to us, but Vedenza stands upon the edge of the sea, with the many islands of the Carvorna Archipelago at our backs and the wide lagoons between its islands, and so we were far from fully invested. Yet even with our defences we would not be safe long, not from the rat men and their foul arts of siege craft could our small city endure unaided —not from the poison fogs they could summon or the plagues their rat brethren could spread, or even from the strange and terrible engines of destruction their warlocks might usher forth to breach our walls. As the first days passed the rat men made only probing attacks, searching for weaknesses, but soon they would come in force.

As if to foretell our doom the night skies above us caught alight with sickly green aura, the growing tempest of magic made visible, and the shadow of dark Morrslieb could be seen in the east. While by day the sun was dimmed with the smoke of fires and the stench of desolation. We could not hope to stand long against the enemy ranged against us, so instead we must attack.

A DESPERATE PLAN

The Skaven are not the only ones who can plot and scheme and spy, and indeed we Tileans are not so unknown for our subtlety in such matters. The Countil of Tears in its wisdom had long known of the impending threat from the rat men, if not its exact shape or calendar. Occult scrying had long foreshadowed their malice, and there are those among the rat men's own ranks not unsusceptible to bribery if one can navigate the web of treachery and lies required to do so. Our hard-won intelligence led us to know that if we were to stand a chance of survival, we had but one course of action left, and that was to strike at the head of the serpent and hope to slay the Grey Seer to whose mastery the Skaven horde was bound. In slaying this guiding intelligence we could hope to fracture the scattered clans into infighting and division and so disperse the immediate threat. Normally such a thing would have been impossible to accomplish, but not now, not with the arcane storm reaching its height, for like an unholy beacon of fire could the roaring fulcrum of magical power be espied blazing within the accursed Isle of Grief to the far south of Vedenza at the very tip of the Archipelago, caught light within the growing storm of magic. With its power ours to command we could find and rain death upon our enemies wherever they might hide, and the Skaven would know this. They too would make for the dark monolith legend had it rested on the forlorn and long shunned isle, for its power would be like a lodestone to the Grey Seer, drawing him to it. It was to the Isle of Grief that ***She*** had gone and not yet been heard from, and now I, ***Orsini Sardus***, must go with the fate of Vedenza and its people at stake.

THE BATTLE OF THE HOWLING ABYSS

With a hastily assembled force of the finest soldiers remaining to our Republican Guard, under the command of Captain-general Lupo Hecate, we set forth eight days since the battle on the shore in a dozen shallow-drafted galleys, swift oars dipping in the water like knife blades. Already word had reached us that the Skaven had been seen swarming at the shore on the northern coast, and weird and monstrous vessels had been reported on the edge of the Archipelago. The winds were incessant and howling, and squalls of boiling rain and wild, multi-hued lightning tore at the air, signs that the storm of magic, once invisible, would soon reach its apotheosis. The waters of the lagoon festered and seethed beneath us, and strange forms moved within them, but dread *Silak* swam beside us, and save for one galley that disappeared in a sudden whirlpool that struck and departed with the speed of a cutthroat's dagger, we were unmolested. Our fleet made sight of the feared Isle of Grief a dozen hours out from port, in good order for battle and with prayers for deliverance on our lips.

As soon as we came into view, the monstrous ships of the Skaven attacked us. Strange and misbegotten things they were, half alive and

half machine, constructions of burned and rotted timbers spanned with gory flayed skins and driven by glowing apparatus and frenzied cogwheel turnings. Shot and lighting was flung from them at us, but upon them I unleashed the titanic *Silak*, who now in his element was even more deadly than before, and he rose up beneath them, smashing them aside and capsizing the foremost in bellowing rage. With the beast's battle joined we sailed on and made landfall as quickly as we could, and made our way to a place I had read of but never seen with my own eyes, for this was the first time I had ever set foot on that accursed, daemon-haunted isle and hope never to again. The Howling Abyss was a great sea cavern, half-flooded at high tide but large enough for an entire castle keep to be fitted within, with a great domed rock roof like a starless sky. Long before the coming of Man, before even the Elves, some-*thing* had built a temple there and its age-despoiled remains lingered there still went the stories culled from the few half-mad shipwrecked sailors that had somehow managed to escape the place over the years. At the cavern's centre stood a great monolith of green-black basalt graven with writings and pictographs nothing living, it was said, could now interpret. At night, as the legends went, the monolith was replaced by a slash of utter darkness to stand in its stead, a rip in the world which moaned with the voices of the damned and so named the place. Even as our forces drew up into fighting order on the shore before the gaping entrance to the cavern I knew all this to be true, for the unholy terror of the gathered vortex that screamed and raged within chilled my soul and burned my mind with its closeness.

From within the hold of our last galley, an ill-favoured vessel that carried no troops, a great keening wail rose up and the sound of cold iron shackles, thrice bound with enchantments, rattled in anger could be heard and I knew it was time to play my final gambit — it was time to unleash the Mourngul.

I had tracked its legend on my travels over the seas and hunted it in the fog-shrouded poison bogs of the Scalded Delta at the southern tip of the Dark Lands. For weeks I had tracked it with a band of mercenary Ogres, but in the end it had found us, and tore apart and devoured a dozen Ogre Bulls before I could use Kadon's lore to subdue it. As I ordered it unleashed and it dragged its massive, agonized form into view even I paled and blanched at the empty black sockets of its eyes, the pale, wasted flesh and the hideous sense that such a thing, neither living nor dead, with its open wound of a belly and mouth that yawned as if to devour the world, could not truly exist outside a fevered nightmare. But exist it did and it was mine to control — or was it? Even with Kadon's power the thing was all but ungovernable and when I reached out with my will I found – nothing, just a cold and mocking hunger. A great winged shadow fell over me then from above and broke my dangerous reverie, and I realised that I had all but fallen prey to the Mourngul's soulless mind, and I swiftly imposed my will upon it with such strength as I could. ***She*** had come at last after all. The talismans that protected me from her presence grew fever-hot and I backed away as she landed, her black claws digging into the earth, her ugly, scarred wings folding behind her serrated bulk. The twin-set of glimmering emerald eyes, burning with balefire, fixed upon me from her reptilian head as burning venom slipped between her malformed teeth and smouldered on the stony shore. She did not speak as mortals speak, but the words ripped into my mind and hung there with sick pain.

"Skaven. Within. Warpstone."

I replied that the Council's bargain held, that any of that she desired would be hers, gladly, willingly, but first we had to destroy the rat men that possessed it. No more burning words came, but without waiting the Warpfire Dragon spread her wings and tore off into the

yawning entrance of the cavern, and good Captain-general Lupo, seeing no reason for delay, called for the general attack to be sounded.

In truth I can remember little of the nightmarish battle that followed, save in dreams. Only snatches of carnage and thunderous fire come when bidden, events without surety or certain order in my mind. Within the cavern's dank environs a great Skaven host was gathered up circling the monolith, which blazed with great ribbons of verdant fire that coiled around it like serpents. These were no mere rat men slaves or the dregs of their warrior caste, but ranks of stocky, black-armoured Stormvermin and the distended, leper-shrouded forms of the dreaded Plague Monks. With them were mutated, hulking Rat Ogres and Warlock Engineers with strange death machines implanted in their tortured bodies. By my secret lore and the wisdom gained on my dark journeys I recognised them and knew the terrible danger they represented, but as my gaze alighted on the towering horror that stood in malevolence before the monolith the weight of my knowledge was terrible to bear and I confess I staggered and nearly fell, my heart clutched in an iron grip of terror. We had believed that a Grey Seer had orchestrated Vedenza's doom at this time of arcane tempest, but we had been wrong. Before us stood the exalted Daemon of the Horned Rat itself—a Vermin Lord—a devil-god made flesh, and I saw that despite our plans and our own fearsome alliance, we were likely doomed.

Surprise was on our side, and I think without that we would have been defeated in mere moments. The howling of the monolith and the insane play of its light filled the vast cavern, and so occupied were the Skaven with the mesmeric power of the monolith and the adulation of their nightmarish master that even our onslaught went unremarked until blade met flesh and ***She*** unleashed her wrath into the densely packed mass of noisome, furred bodies. Then all was chaos and bloodshed, a frenzied hacking melee unto which the Warlocks unleashed bolts of lighting and gouts of flame indiscriminately, and rat men were hacked and shot and cut down as though my own warriors were men possessed. I unleashed the Mourngul and it needed no temptation or instruction to kill, but knew that it was presented with a banquet of death and flesh on which it could feast, and feast it did. The raw power of magic—the stuff of Chaos and destruction, purified and focused—was being pulled down into the cavern as if it were a cauldron or crucible for the storm, and its power flooded into me and my fears were forgotten. Wantonly and without caution I hurled spell after spell, my terror swallowed by the exultation of absolute power, and tore and shredded my enemies with the phantom claws of a legion of primal beasts, and filled my allies with the fury of the ages, and my flesh and mind rippled and twisted into newer, ever more deadly configurations.

The Vermin Lord laughed and swept a wave of men into black oblivion with a contemptuous gesture. It threw itself down from where it had clung to the monolith and nothing could stand against it as it waded through the packed, frenzied mass towards the Warpfire Dragon, killing as it went, working its triple-bladed glaive like a reaper's scythe. Her wings spread ***She*** rose up to meet the Daemon-thing and met its lightning-quick charge with a blast of burning light from her open jaws. Their two vast bodies clashed with a clap like thunder and then reeled around each other in battle at blurring speed, unmindful of the bodies, friend and foe they scattered like broken toys in their passing. ***She*** screamed and was flung back, a shower of luminous blood spraying from the Vermin Lord's glaive. The Warpfire Dragon fell and could not rise. The Daemon laughed again, a sound like knives piercing my soul, and stalked forward and suddenly staggered as I watched. Hissing steam coiled from its fleshless jaws as it clutched suddenly at its side where a chunk of unreal flesh the size of a barrel had been bitten free from its torso. The Daemon seemed to flicker like smoke in the pulsing light of the monolith and my heart leapt in hope, but an instant later it snapped back into dreadful solidity and advanced with renewed purpose on the supine dragon, its wicked glaive held high.

I fought to fashion some spell or enchantment to hurl against it, but the power slipped and coiled away from my grasp and I could only watch helplessly as our doom was about to be sealed. Words then burned into my mind, sickening with violence, an incomprehensible summoning in an inhuman language that ate away at the threads of my sanity. Reeling and weak I realised it had been ***Her*** voice uttering the words of the last binding scroll.

They came up from the darkness of the cavern, wet and pale. First one, then a dozen, then a score. Hulking, corpse-pale bulks, scaled and distended, wide mouths filled with shark teeth yawning like crescent moons, eyes silver-white and blind, long ape-like arms juddering and grasping their way up from the dark. They were a childhood nightmare come to life, a legend long known but never till this day I had seen, the *Shugon*—the ravagers, the Trolls of the sea depths. Skaven and men alike fled before them and were ignored, for only one thought had been burned into their primitive brains—to attack the Vermin Lord. Arrogant and prideful as only an immortal can be, the Vermin Lord did not realise its peril until too late. The first Shugon it carved in half with contemptuous ease, the second it cast from its back and gutted with a flick of its claw, but the third sank its serrated teeth deep into the Vermin Lord's haunch and tore free a gobbet of flesh, while a forth and a fifth wrapped their scaly arms about its glaive and bore it down, as the bodies of the first two began to regenerate and knit back together with terrifying speed. I felt arcane power surge, but such was the tempest raging around us now even the Daemon could not fully control its wild vortex and while one of the Shugon exploded in a shower of white filth, two more took its place and the Vermin Lord was smothered from view in a seething mass of flashing teeth and deathly-pale flesh. All was deafening sound and unholy light as I felt the Daemon die, its death-wail tearing into me like a blade of splintered glass. My last memory was of ***Her***, wounded and torn, but triumphant, her body coiled around that terrible monolith, bathing in the black and verdant green rays of the storm. I fled and somehow made it back to the galleys, as so many brave men did not. A single ship was more than enough to take us from that place and I hope never to return there. ***She*** owns it now.

And there noble masters is my tale. The Skaven on the mainland, the fight torn from them by the defeat of their fell god's scion, scattered back to the dark places from whence they came, their threat abated, for now at least. The Estalians in fear of what we may do, sue for peace and offer restitution, and our legend is already spreading through the older, more established city-states, and we know respect greater than ever we had before, but with that respect and prestige comes new enemies and new avenues of conflict. But with such weapons as these, dangerous weapons to both the foe and the wielder, we will yet prevail, just as *Silak*, now *Silak One-Eye* as the sea captains now name him after his battles, slumbers fitfully in the lagoon beyond our fair city, ready to make war, when I, ***Orsini Sardus***, do so command, at the Council's august wisdom, of course.

The Battle of the Howling Abyss

Scrolls of Binding

When a storm of magic breaks, it isn't merely battlefield sorcery that increases in power. All manner of spells and ritual texts that have lain dormant for decades suddenly crackle into vibrant life, eager to have their power unleashed upon the unsuspecting world! Chief amongst these sorcerous artefacts are Kadon's Scrolls of Binding – ancient scriptures that allow a wizard to shackle other creatures to his will.

SCROLLS OF BINDING

Each Scroll of Binding was crafted with a particular beast in mind, and cannot be used to control different kinds of creatures. It is unknown whether this is a constraint of design, or is simply because the magic involved in their scribing is too fickle.

Even with their limitations, the Scrolls of Binding are prized throughout the many realms of the world. They are a vanishing resource, for Kadon has been presumed dead for many thousands of years, and no wizard since has quite managed to equal his aptitude.

CHOOSING SCROLLS OF BINDING

In dire times, the ability to augment your army's might with that of some monstrous thralls is without price. Bound monsters give access to creatures and abilities beyond the norm, and present all manner of exciting new tactical opportunities for a canny general to exploit.

In games of Storm of Magic, you have a Monsters and Magic allowance which enables you to spend points on Mythic Artefacts, Pacts or Scrolls of Binding. Each Scroll of Binding allows you to include one unit of bound monsters in your army. There are dozens to choose from in this book alone, but if you're finding this selection too limiting, you'll find plenty more presented in the *Storm of Magic* book, White Dwarf, and on the Games Workshop website:

www.games-workshop.com

It should be noted that the 'monster' part of 'bound monster' does not necessarily mean that the unit in question has the troop type: Monster. Rather, it means that the creature in question is regarded as a monster, insofar as it is a horrible beastie as likely to swallow you whole as to pull your arms and legs out of their sockets. All Scrolls of Binding have the correct troop type clearly presented on them.

BOUND MONSTERS AND YOUR ARMY

Once chosen, bound monsters are considered to be part of your army for all intents and purposes. The only exceptions are that bound monster characters cannot ever join your other units, and your characters cannot ever join units of bound monsters.

POINTS VALUE

Every Scroll of Binding has a points value that tells you how much of your Monsters and Magic points allowance it will take up. Sometimes this points value will be increased, either by increasing the size of the unit, or by buying options for the monster in question.

UNIT SIZE

Most of the bound monsters are large, cantankerous creatures who operate as individuals. Others are more accustomed to fighting in groups. If a Scroll of Binding's unit size is 1, then you can take only one creature of that kind in the unit. If the Scroll of Binding's unit size is a range, for example 1-5, the unit must be between one and five models in size, paying the points cost shown for each model in the unit.

EQUIPMENT

This is where you'll find the creature's equipment – normally some combination of claws, teeth, talons and vicious temperament (all of which we count as a hand weapon).

TROOP TYPE

Every Scroll of Binding unit has a troop type, and follows the appropriate rules presented in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

MAGIC

Some creatures are Wizards and can cast spells. Where this is the case, their Wizard level (as well as the magic lore they use) will be presented on the Scroll of Binding.

SPECIAL RULES

If the unit has any special rules, be they 'common' special rules from the *Warhammer* rulebook or rules unique to the unit in question, they will be listed here.

OPTIONS

Many Scrolls of Binding have options that let you customise the unit's battlefield abilities. You're free to model and paint your creatures to represent these upgrades (or not) as you see fit. However, before the game begins, you must inform your opponent of any and all options you've bought for your creatures– we can assume that some accomplished monster hunter in the enemy's ranks is canny enough to spot these details. Where the Scroll of Binding allows you to take a unit of more than one creature, all models in the unit must have the same options, and you must pay the points cost of the option for each model.

MAGIC ITEMS

A handful of Scrolls of Binding also detail the magic items carried by the creature in question. Unless otherwise stated, these magic items follow all the usual rules for their type, as detailed in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

BOUND MONSTER LIMIT

You can take a maximum of two of each Scroll of Binding in a standard army, and four of each Scroll of Binding in a grand army – this is called the Bound Monster Limit. This represents the fact that only the very largest of armies would have access to several copies of the same Scroll of Binding.

DIVERGENT ORIGINS

Many of the creatures on the Scrolls of Binding are also present in one or more of the Warhammer Armies books (although many are present as character mounts rather than autonomous critters in their own right). Creatures chosen as part of your main army do not count towards the Bound Monster Limit – only those chosen from the Monsters and Magic allowance points do.

For example, High Elves have the option to take Great Eagles as Rare choices, as presented in their Warhammer Army book. In games of Storm of Magic, they can take more Great Eagles as part of their Monsters and Magic allowance. The fact that they've chosen Great Eagles from their Rare choices doesn't prevent them from binding more into their service.

You might occasionally find that the special rules, characteristic profile and/or points values presented on the Scroll of Binding are different to the ones in a Warhammer Army book. Where this happens, always use the rules given in the place where you have bought the models from. This might sometimes lead to two similar units in your army having subtly different rules, but this is fine as we can assume wild or bound monsters will be slightly different to those trained to fight in an army.

For example, in the Warriors of Chaos Army book, Dragon Ogres have the Will of Chaos special rule, but they do not on the Scroll of Binding in this volume. If a Warriors of Chaos army includes two units of Dragon Ogres, one from the Army book, and one from the Scroll of Binding, then the first unit benefits from the Will of Chaos special rule, whilst the other doesn't (in this case the first unit is more disciplined).

MONSTER SPECIAL RULES

COLOSSAL BEAST

A Colossal Beast towers as large as a hill, and is just as difficult to slay. The Colossal Beast may only be wounded by attacks of Strength 4 or higher. Regardless of an attack's Strength, the creature can never be wounded on better than a 3+. If the Colossal Beast is subject to a spell or special attack that would cause it to be slain outright, it suffers D6 wounds instead.

The Colossal Beast is so massive that it can crush entire regiments beneath its bulk. The monster's Thunderstomp inflicts 2D6 hits.

LARGEST OF MONSTERS

This creature is so enormous that it can Thunderstomp everything but other models with this special rule.

INCARNATE ELEMENTAL

Incarnate Elementals are completely immune to the spells of their governing lore (an Incarnate Elemental of Death is immune to spells from the Lore of Death for example.) In addition as an embodiment of magical force, an Incarnate Elemental is subject to any particular effects that cause additional harm to Daemons and Undead (such as the Lore of Light Exorcism power for example), except if caused by spells of their governing lore.

CHOMP AND TAIL ATTACKS

Some Scrolls of Binding present options that grant Tail Attacks, Chomp Attacks or modify how a model's Stomp works.

A model with a Chomp Attack has an additional Attack to those shown on its profile. This Attack should be rolled for separately, or with a different coloured dice, as the option that granted the Chomp Attack will often also give that Chomp Attack further special rules. Additionally, a Chomp Attack always receives a bonus of +1 To Hit against models with the Large Target special rule, on account of it being much easier to take a bite out of bigger enemies!

Tail Attacks are much like Chomp Attacks in that they grant the model an additional Attack that should be rolled for separately (so a model with both a Chomp Attack and a Tail Attack would have a total of +2 Attacks). A Tail Attack receives a bonus of +1 To Hit against models fighting to the creature's rear – they're much easier for the tail to get to grips with!

If the model's Attacks are normally subject to a special rule such as Poison or Killing Blow, then this rule also applies to the Tail and Chomp Attacks.

Magic Items & Mythic Artefacts

The following pages offer a range of new magic items and mythic artefacts for use in your games of Warhammer, particularly focused towards combating the monsters and deadly creatures you will find in the pages of this book and those in *Storm of Magic*.

The magic items shown here are available to any army in a battle where the use of Monster Binding scrolls has been agreed by the players or is part of the scenario to be played, and are bought from character magic item allowances using all the usual rules and restrictions found in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Mythic Artefacts however are of a different order of rarity and power, and do not count towards a character's maximum allowance of magic items. Instead an army can take a single Mythic Artefact while a grand army can take up to two, their points cost taken from the army's Monsters and Magic allowance (see the *Storm of Magic* book for more details). Each Mythic Artefact taken must be assigned to a different character in the army, with the restriction that they may not be already carrying an item of that type.

MAGIC ITEMS

Basilisk Blade **50 points**
(Magic Weapon)
Even after death the bones of a Basilisk poison the world around them, exuding a foul aura that can putrefy flesh and corrode metal. Weapons fashioned from the rancid bones recovered from Basilisk remains are terrifyingly deadly, but thankfully rare as they are just as deadly to their wielders as they are to their victims.

On any To Hit roll of 4 or higher, the Basilisk Blade will wound its target automatically. However, on a To Hit roll of 1, the wielder suffers a wound. Wounds inflicted with the Basilisk Blade also have the Armour Piercing special rule.

The Pinion of the Phoenix **85 points**
(Talisman)
These ephemeral feathers, plucked from the burning wings of a manifested phoenix and woven into a talisman, are preserved by the arts of ancient Elf magic. Handed down through generations of High Elf nobility, they are borne into the direst of battles as badges of honour, swiftly burning away to dust once removed from their protective cases. While they last they protect their bearer from harm, and should he fall grant him a fiery reprieve from death.

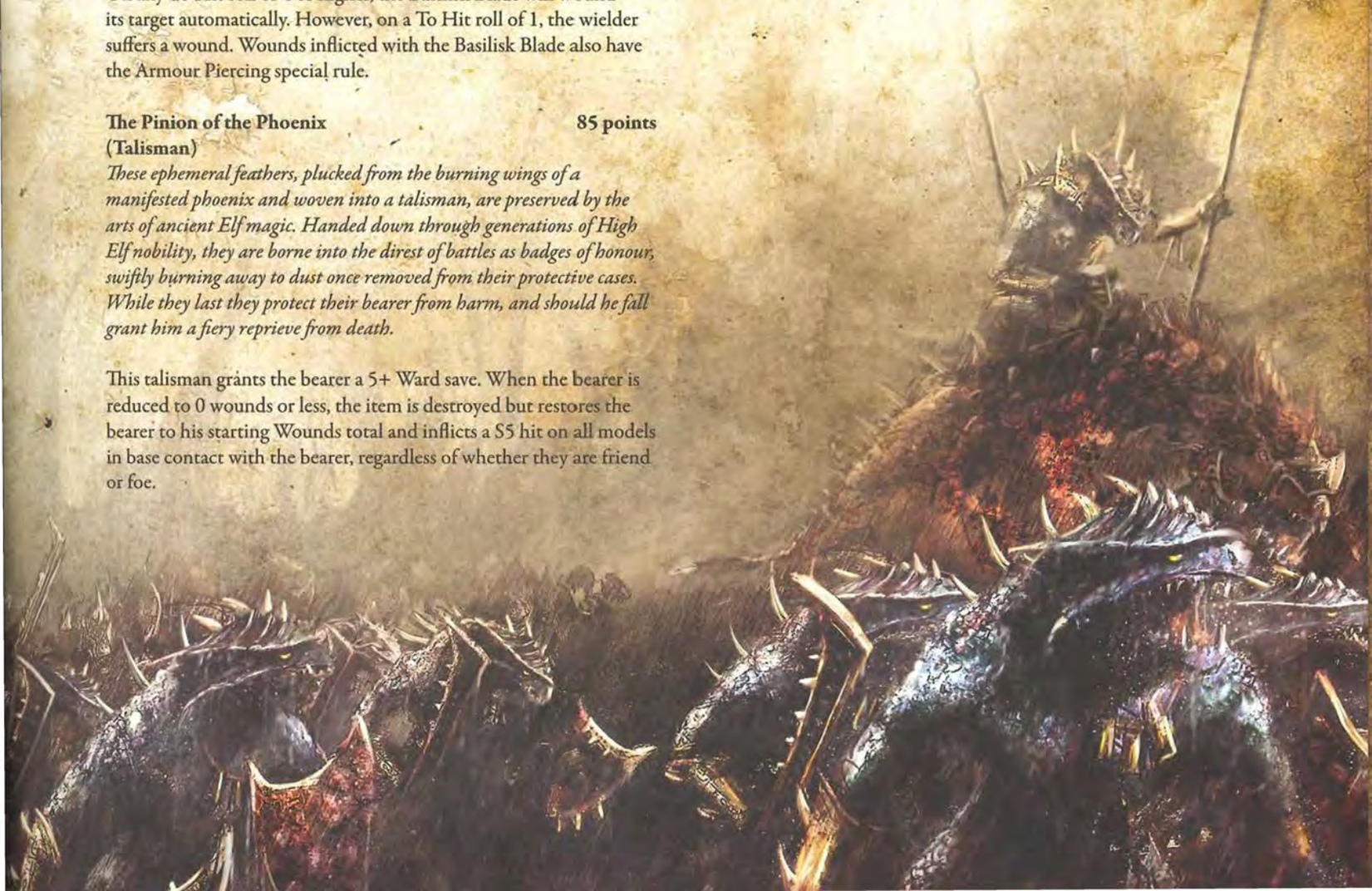
This talisman grants the bearer a 5+ Ward save. When the bearer is reduced to 0 wounds or less, the item is destroyed but restores the bearer to his starting Wounds total and inflicts a S5 hit on all models in base contact with the bearer, regardless of whether they are friend or foe.

The Lash of Itzaotyl **50 points**
(Magic Weapon)
Used by the servants of the Old Ones to subdue the massive beasts that stalked the world at the dawn of time, the ancient Lash of Itzaotyl ensnares all it touches with an unbreakable tendril of pure magical essence. Since its theft from the Lizardmen, by the daughters of Naggaroth millennia ago, it has known many masters and its current whereabouts are unknown.

The lash is a magic weapon that confers the Always Strikes First special rule. In addition, any model with the Large Target special rule successfully hit by the lash must pass a Leadership test. If failed it cannot perform any actions or attack for the remainder of the turn and is treated as having WS1 if attacked.

Faithless Charm **25 points**
(Talisman)
The degenerate Ettin hill clans have been known to hang these small craven charms in the dismal northern woods, warding away those who would trespass on the Ettins' miserable existence. Each is an embodiment of the unholy curse that afflicts the very souls of the Ettin.. Those foolish enough to carry one with them for any length of time find their senses sharpened – until they lose control and the curse consumes them too.

The bearer gains Always Strikes First and Killing Blow. If they fail any Leadership or Break test, the bearer loses Always Strikes First and gains Frenzy and Always Strikes Last. The bearer cannot lose Frenzy in any way after gaining it in this fashion.



Wyrmscale Armour of the Deep **35 points**
(Magic Armour)
A glistening coat of Merwyrm scales, the enchantment on this armour keeps it coated with a shimmering layer of briny sea water. Not only do the iron-hard scales deflect sword and arrow, but the scales still recall their home in the icy deeps of the ocean and grant their wearer passage through water and foil fiery assaults upon him.

This is a suit of heavy armour. The wearer gains the Sea Creature special rule, but retains the ability to march whilst on land. They also gain a 3+ Ward save against any Flaming Attacks.

Scintillating Shield **40 points**
(Magic Armour)
In the ancient legends of Estalia, retold so many times their origin is now forgotten, heroes would be gifted with shields which were so highly polished they blinded their foes and deflected the deadly gaze of the Basilisks and Cockatrice that were the scourge of that land in ancient days. Scintillating Shields, whether they be the items spoken of in legend or more recent creations wrought by wizard-craft, fetch a prince's ransom when rumours of Basilisk or Cockatrice attack spread.

This magic item is a shield which forces a -1 penalty to hit on all ranged attacks targeting the bearer. In addition, if the bearer is successfully hit by either a Basilisk's Maleficent Gaze attack or a Cockatrice's Petrifying Gaze the bearer must roll a D6.

- On a result of a 1 the bearer is affected normally by the attack.
- On a result of 2-4 the attack has no effect.
- On a 6 the attack is reflected back upon the monster. Apply the effects of a successful hit to it immediately.

Warpscale Pendant **25 points**
(Talisman)
Crafted from the deformed scales of a Warpfire Dragon, these eerily worked talismans are the product not of twisted Skaven ingenuity as some suspect but rather of some unseen agency believed to be connected to the ruling cabals of the Tilean City-states. Ensorcelled to protect the wearer against weapons fuelled by warpstone, many Skaven wizards covet such items as a measure against assassination by their own kind – though the fear Warpfire Dragons cause amongst the warpstone-laden holds of the Skaven keeps them rare.

The bearer gains a 4+ Ward save against all Warpstone weapons, a Warpfire Dragon's Breath attack and Magic Resistance (2). At the beginning of the game, the bearer must pass a Toughness test however or suffer a wound with no saves of any form allowed.

Cold Iron Blade **45 points**
(Magic Weapon)
Ancient lore claims that only iron weapons shaped without the use of fire can harm the spirits that infest certain regions of the world. Only the strongest of smiths can perform such a feat, hammering the metal into shape with brute strength before such artefacts are enchanted. Though the results are always crudely shaped, their potency against the ephemeral creatures is unquestionable.

All close combat attacks made with this weapon are resolved at the bearer's Strength +1, and any attacks targeting models with the Ethereal special rule gain the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Sacrificial Banner **25 points**
(Magic Standard)
Covered with arcane patterns daubed in blood and draped in ornate sigils and charms the Sacrificial Banner looks impressive, but its real purpose is rarely explained to those troops 'honoured' with its care. It is enchanted with the sole purpose of enraging and attracting the ire of the gigantic monsters that prowl the Warhammer world, so that a canny general can dictate the movement of his enemy's most powerful ally.

Any model with the unit type 'Monster' which is within 24" of the Sacrificial Banner gains the Berserk Rage portion of the Frenzy rules and must declare a charge against the unit bearing the Sacrificial Banner if possible. Such a charge cannot be avoided with a Leadership test.

MYTHIC ARTEFACTS

Silverstone Axe **85 points**
(Magic Weapon)

In the ancient barrows that dot the Empire, huge enchanted axes forged of gromril, known to ancient men as Silverstone, have been found. Inert until the storms of magic howl, these axes are so heavy that only the strongest warriors can lift them and their impact shakes the ground, knocking armoured warriors from their feet while against wizards their effects are even more potent as the winds of magic lash and recoil at their blows. When a storm of magic erupts these weapons are brought to the battlefield once again to bring down the titanic beasts set loose upon the world.

The Silverstone Axe is a weapon that confers the Always Strikes Last special rule on its bearer and requires two hands to wield. When rolling to hit an opponent, the bearer of the Silverstone Axe compares their Strength against the target's Initiative. All hits will count as being caused with a Strength one higher than the target's Toughness and have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. In addition, any model wounded that has one or more Wizard level automatically suffers a roll on the Miscast table.

The White Sistrum **150 points**
(Arcane Item)

There are many night-haunted legends emanating from the foetid jungles and deadly wastes of the far hinterlands of Khuresh. Stories abound of the dread Snake Men and the foul and nightmarish Blood Naga queens who rule there, and it is a realm where men are no more than hunted prey, and blood and souls are the only coin in trade. Rarely do artefacts of this fell civilisation reach the Old World and all are steeped in blood and misunderstood power. One such artefact is the White Sistrum, a strange ivory-graven rattle-drum shaped like an hourglass, whose discordant music brings madness and death, and evokes the terrible rites of the Naga.

The bearer of the White Sistrum causes Terror. The bearer and any unit they are with and any mount they ride gain the Poisoned Attacks special rule. The bearer gains the Loremaster special rule (Lore of Shadows). In addition they may invoke the power of the Naga of Khuresh and the slaughter of forgotten ages when the cold-blooded serpents of Chaos held the world in a stranglehold of terror.

The Sistrum is empowered as the player who owns it gathers more of the Storm of Magic's strength.

- **Presence:** All friendly units, other than monsters, within 24" of the Sistrum's bearer gain the Frenzy and Swiftstride special rules. This effect does not include the bearer, any unit they have joined or their mount.
- **Equilibrium:** In addition to the Presence effect, if any doubles are rolled by the owning player for the winds of magic, all friendly Wizards gain +2 to their casting rolls and all enemy Wizards suffer -1 to their dispel rolls.
- **Dominance:** In addition to the Presence and Equilibrium effects, select one enemy unit within line of sight of the Sistrum's bearer in the Shooting phase. That unit suffers 3D6 Strength 4 poisoned hits as a swarm of venomous serpents erupts from the earth under them. Casualties are distributed as per a shooting attack.

The Crucible of Horrors **250 points**
(Enchanted Item)

No one knows from whence the Crucible of Horrors came, but contained within the flask of twisted meteoric iron is a vortex of seething black energy which screams like the torment of damned souls. This deadly artefact has been sought out by many down the centuries, and it has passed through the hands of many tyrants, arch-sorcerers, wizards and kings, and at its use the destruction of cities and the slaughter of armies has been laid. When unleashed the power of the crucible is erratic and dangerously unstable, but it can unleash devastation and even create nightmarish doppelgangers of slain monsters to fight at the wielder's bidding. The power of the Crucible of Horrors is treacherous however, as more than one would-be conqueror has found to their cost.

The Crucible of Horrors contains the following three bound spells, one of which may be used by the character in their side's Magic phase. Each spell has its own casting cost which must be met for the spell to be cast. In addition every time the character wishes to use the Crucible, they must take a Leadership test on 3D6. If the test is passed, the Crucible may be used normally. If the test is failed, the bearer suffers D3 wounds with no save possible.

Dark Tide (Bound Spell) **Power Level 12**

The bearer uncaps the Crucible of Horrors and unleashes a flood of spiralling black energy. Place the teardrop-shaped template's narrow end in contact with the bearer of the Crucible of Horrors and the wider end directed towards an enemy unit in line of sight. Any model touched by the template suffers 2D6 minus their Toughness value in wounds with no saves possible. Any unit suffering casualties in this way must take a Panic test.

Riven Horror (Bound Spell) **Power Level 15**

Target a single identifiable piece of terrain within line of sight of the bearer of the Crucible of Horrors; here the shadows erupt with grasping tentacles dripping caustic black venom. Any unit caught within the chosen target immediately must roll a D6 for every affected model – the chance of these models suffering damage and the severity of that damage is based upon their size.

- Infantry, Cavalry and Beasts — 5+, one wound, no armour saves
- Monstrous Infantry and Monstrous Cavalry — 4+, D3 wounds, no armour saves
- Monsters and larger... — 3+, D6 wounds, no armour saves

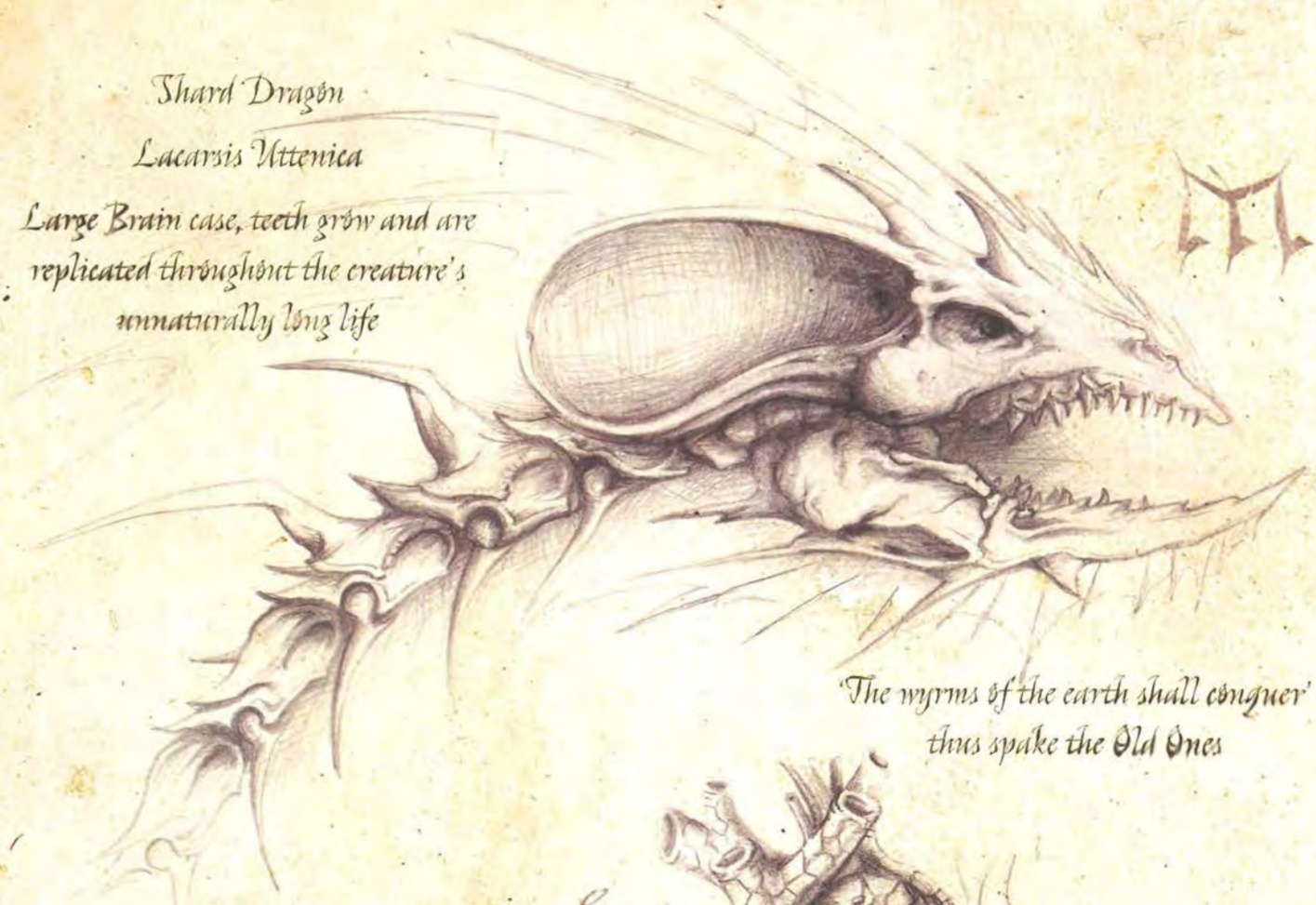
Shadow Beast (Bound Spell) **Power Level 25**

If successfully cast a single monster that has previously been slain in the battle of up to 175 points in value is reincarnated as a Shadow Beast, controlled like a puppet by the Crucible's master. This monster must be placed within 12" of the Crucible's bearer (if there is no room for this, then the monster does not materialise!). The monster is identical to its living counterpart except that it has the Unbreakable and Unstable special rules (if it did not already possess them) and a Leadership D3 less than its original value. The Shadow Beast now summoned can be used normally from this point onwards, but grants no Victory points when slain (if those rules are being used).

Shard Dragon

Lacarsis Uttenica

Large Brain case, teeth grow and are replicated throughout the creature's unnaturally long life



'The wyrms of the earth shall conquer' thus spake the Old Ones

The heart of the Ghorgon is a sovereign remedy against black rot, while the heart of the Magma Dragon grants agelessness to the strong and hellish death to the weak

The warping influence of the realms of Chaos distorts flesh and twists bone

Bound Monsters

Noctea hyish morr – the flesh is as clay to the vile rat men

The horrors of the Skaven are manifold. Trust them not!

Incarnate Elemental of Fire

The wind of Aqshy is one of the most wantonly destructive of all the winds of magic. It is all-consuming and insatiably hungry for it embodies fire and blazing heat. It is said that the Incarnate Elemental of Fire of which is born from it has such terrible wrath made manifest and possesses malignity and fury the equal of any Daemon.

Manifesting within colossal pyres lit by those whose arts are fanned by the dry, hot wind of Aqshy, the Incarnate Elemental of Fire towers over the battlefield — a lean and terrible form, cinder-black and ash-strewn, from which phenomenal heat radiates. Few can withstand its wrath and it can unleash such a firestorm that armour turns to molten metal and artillery explodes, red-hot shards of metal slicing through the air and the flesh of those who stand nearby. Known in the lore and legend of the Empire as the Charred Ones, the Black Harvestmen and Jack O'Cinders, stories speak of the wrath of the wizards of the Bright College during the brutally fratricidal wars that wracked the Empire in centuries past, where these conjured creatures were used to wantonly destroy entire towns and villages that had provoked the ire of one or other Imperial faction, laying swathes of the land to ash-strewn waste. Despite the nightmarish quality of these towering monsters and the tales that crowd them, they hold a place of honour in the legends of the peasants that dwell in the hardscrabble lands in the lee of the Grey Mountains of Bretonnia. Here stories hold that a score of these burning creatures, called up by a mysterious warlock, defeated a tide of unliving horrors that swept the lands after a local lord succumbed to the temptations of a bloodless bride. The nobility of the region still begs to differ with the folktales however, and makes a point of tearing down the burned-wood fetishes with which the commoners seek to protect their hovels; however the scorched and blackened fortresses and keeps that dot the region offer evidence to the contrary.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
7	5	0	5	5	5	5	4	7	Monster	1	275

SPECIAL RULES

5+ Ward save, Large Target, Terror, Unbreakable, Unstable, Incarnate Elemental, Ashes to Ashes, Gift of Fire & Flaming Attacks. Its combat attacks (but not its Thunderstomp) also have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Ashes to Ashes: The charred body of the Incarnate Elemental of Fire is a living pyre, radiating appalling heat and difficult to harm. Non-magical attacks suffer a -1 to hit against the Incarnate Elemental of Fire, and it has a 2+ Ward save against Flaming attacks.

Gift of Fire: The very presence of the Incarnate Elemental of Fire can be enough to set off powder and shot, and kindle flame in wood and tinder. At the start of the Magic phase roll a D6 for any war machine or building within 12" of the Incarnate Elemental of Fire. On a 6 it suffers D3 wounds with no Armour save. If the war machine uses the Blackpowder Misfire chart and is destroyed by this attack, all other models within D6" suffer a Strength 3 hit.

Additionally, during the Magic phase the Incarnate Elemental of Fire can unleash one of the following Bound spells:

- **Cascading Fire-Cloak**
  Bound Spell 4+, see page 492 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.
- **Piercing Bolts of Burning**
  Bound Spell 7+, see page 492 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

...So it came to be that I was with the gunnery train of Captain Santos when the army assaulted the granite fortress of Kerbros the Reaver. For seven days we pounded the walls and gatehouse with shot, and the dust was so thick in the air that everyone was coated in thick grimy layers of grey. But once the great clouds had cleared, the gates still stood firm and the walls were battered, but unbreached.

It was then that with heavy heart the general summoned Albrecht, the Bright Wizard, after our failure. The wizard set up a massive pyre before the army, and set his acolytes to chanting around it. For three days the fire burned, and with some misgiving on the part of the common soldiery—myself included—the captives we had were fed to the fire until the acolytes' ceaseless chanting had the army on edge and many questioned the wizard's purpose. Then on the fourth day the chanting ended and the great pyre rose up and walked like a man. The behemoth of cinders and flame reached the gate of the fortress in but a few immense strides, the fierce heat of its body scorched the stone of the walls and caused the great oaken gates to burst into flame. Missiles hurled by the defenders were mere annoyances to the creature, and minutes later it shouldered aside the charred remains of the gates.

The fortress fell that day, brought low by the wizard's summoned fiend rather than our great cannon.

From the journal of Juren Volsrung, mercenary soldier serving in the armies of the Principality of Scarosio

Incarnate Elemental of Beasts

Summoned through savage and secret rituals known to few humans outside the initiates of the Amber Order of Wizards – and dark lore has it the Bray Shamans of the unholy Chaos Beastmen herds – the Incarnate Elemental of Beasts is also known in legend as the Bloody Hidesman, the Horned Man or the Faceless Hunter. It is a towering, half-human figure that embodies the ferocity and merciless hunger of the wild and contains within it the turbulent spirits of numberless predators, both animalistic and cruel. Its taunt-sinewed form springs and bounds with ease through the densest wood or barren moor, running down its prey without mercy or cease. Once it has brought them to ground it gores and rends its foes in an orgy of unrestrained bloodlust, whilst its howls alone can drive its enemies to flight in sheer terror.

Those masters of the hidden lore of Ghur speak of bloody rites to be performed before a great idol of beast skulls and freshly flensed hides should one dare to call upon the power of the Bloody Hidesman, and the terrible price of doing so. But such is the dire need of these endless days of warfare that when the land is threatened, or the commanding wizard's desire for destruction or vengeance is sufficiently great, then the power of this Incarnate Elemental is brought forth to devour its master's chosen prey.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
7	5	0	7	6	5	4	6	7	Monster	1	275

SPECIAL RULES

5+ Ward save, Large Target, Terror, Unbreakable, Unstable, Incarnate Elemental, Impact Hits (D3), Howl of the Great Beast & Swiftstride.

Howl of the Great Beast: So long as it is not already engaged in combat, the Incarnate Elemental of Beasts may unleash a piercing howl in the Shooting phase that freezes the blood and fills those who hear it with mortal fear. All enemy units within 12" must take a Panic test in response to the howl. If the unit has the type Cavalry or Beasts, the Panic test is taken at -2 Ld. The usual provisions for Panic tests apply.

Pages taken from a bloody journal left with the Burgher of the town of Badderhof. The item was labelled with the name Gunther Kolmar, apparently a Witch Hunter of some repute.

Vorgeheim 4th, 2520 of the Imperial Calendar

A daemon! On the road to Wurtfeld, the beast attacked us. Its eyes! Burning like red lanterns in the dark, lodged in a tusked skull where a head should be. Even now I can still feel those eyes on me, as though I was marked or singled out in some fashion. It was larger than any forest bear, yet shaped like a grotesque parody of man and crowned with jagged antlers like some hellish stag. This thing, this daemon, tore Gerlach from the saddle, and set our horses to frothing panic with its hellish roaring. By the time we had gathered our wits it was gone, taking Gerlach's torso. We burned what was left of Gerlach, lest some unseen taint spread to the rest of us. We must make for Wurtfeld to acquire more horses before we pursue the beast, such an affront to holy Sigmar must be cleansed!

Vorgeheim 5th, 2520 of the Imperial Calendar

Richart is leading us along a side trail. We hope to be in Wurtfeld by dawn. At every turn I feel those red eyes on my back, and the distant howls keep us from any rest. At midnight we came across the remains of a battlefield. Corpses of foul beastmen lay scattered about, rotted and mauled. We also found the corpse of a man, a wizard of the Amber College by his dress, with a single primitive arrow through his eye. Is this daemon an escaped creation of a renegade wizard or some creature of Chaos that fought with the beasts of the forest? We could not stay to search further as the daemon's roars drove us on into the night.

Vorgeheim 6th, 2520 of the Imperial Calendar

Wurtfeld is destroyed. We reached it shortly after dawn to find the town in ruins, its buildings torn open by something that must have been trying to get at the villagers cowering within. The crows had already eaten their fill when we arrived and the stench soon forced us from the ruins, it must have occurred days before. I sense that this is the work of the forest-daemon. Only a creature matching its infernal strength could have wreaked such havoc. Some of my men tried to flee after I announced we must hunt it down, swift retribution for their lack of faith soon cowed the remainder.

Vorgeheim 7th, 2520 of the Imperial Calendar

We left the ruins of Wurtfeld after a morbid rest. Once within the forest the daemon struck again, loping from the darkness with unnatural speed. This time it took Shilgen, the one-eyed Middenheimer screaming like a child as it carried him off. Wilhelm struck it with a spear and I loosed one of my thrice-blessed pistols into it, yet it has taken no hurt! What diabolic instinct is it that drives it to hunt us? Does it fear my righteous faith?

Vorgeheim 8th, 2520 of the Imperial Calendar

I have had no sleep since Wurtfeld. Always the creature haunts my thoughts, taunting me with its vile deeds and driving us on with the echo of its howling. We have come across other travellers, bodies torn and mutilated. Run down by the beast that haunts these woods. It has reaped a bloody tally and Sigmar will be pleased when I finally destroy it.

Aubentag... Vorgeheim

I had to kill Richart. He was babbling, calling out that the Horned Man had damned us. Harliman fled in the night, I cursed him as a coward in Sigmar's name. We found his body the next day – torn apart by the beast before he could leave the darkness of the forest.

Vorgeheim?

How long have we wandered this cursed wood? Pursuing the beast's damning howls while it plucks us away, one by one... Only three remain of the dozen that began the hunt, yet my faith is undimmed. No true son of Sigmar would leave such a beast to roam the wild. We will set a trap for it, I shall lure the beast in and with the blessing of Holy Sigmar we shall make an end of it.

17th Vorgeheim, 2050 IC

Gunther Kolmar is dead, the beast took him while he battered it with his blessed hammer. Have neither seen nor heard it since. The Bloody Hidesman has taken his prey in the name of Taal and we left offerings in his wake. Kolmar was a fool, but we leave his journal here in Badderhof to appease Sigmar.

- Wilhem Dietrich

Chaos Siege Giant

Giants are mighty but simple-minded brutes whose huge strength and callousness alone is enough to wreak havoc simply by their passing. Their appetite for meat and drink is legendary, as is the destruction their rampages can cause. A single Giant is more than enough to devastate a village without much effort, and if bribed or goaded into battle it can smash through ranks of troops and crush heavily armoured cavalry with contemptuous ease. The Chaos Dwarfs have not been slow to take note of the power and military potential of Giants, and as a result Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers have long had the idea of bringing Giants that they are able to capture, enslave through trickery or trade with the Ogres under their will, and in doing so have been unable to resist 'improving' upon them in order to make them into living weapons.

The most common result of these modifications is the Chaos Siege Giant, a mutilated, half-insane creature whose body has been armoured against attack by layer upon layer of heavy iron and bronze plates. The end result is a towering, metal-clad monster, even more clumsy and unwieldy than before, but now all but impervious to arrows and shot thanks to its armoured shroud. Likewise, suitable weapons such as immense hooked blades, steel pick-axes the size of carts and even massive weighted chain-flails are lashed or implanted directly into the Giant's arms to enable it to scale or tear down fortifications and slaughter the largest monsters. Some are even further fitted with scaling hooks and chains, enabling the creature's dead carcass to be used as a scaling platform should it fall, while the most unfortunate have the burning runes of Hashut branded into their armour and flesh, driving them to ever greater heights of savagery at their master's command.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Chaos Siege Giant	5	4	3	6	5	6	3	Special	10	Monster	1	275

EQUIPMENT

- Hooked blades, picks, chains, rage (hand weapon)
- Siege Armour

OPTIONS

- **Runes of Hate ..... 25 points**
  Some Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths go further when encasing Giants in their siege armour, binding the metal with the hellish and twisted runes of Hashut which serve to push the weak and primitive mind of the Giant further into malignant insanity. A Chaos Siege Giant with Runes of Hate becomes subject to the Berserk Rage special rule (see the Frenzy special rule in the *Warhammer* rulebook, but note that the other rules for Frenzy do not apply). In addition, whenever the Chaos Siege Giant's player is called upon to roll for a random number of attacks, this result may be re-rolled. The second result must be used, even if it is worse than the first.

- **Scaling Spikes ..... 10 points each**
  A Chaos Siege Giant's armour can be fitted with scaling spikes and hooks and chains to aid the army's assault against fortifications, and these may prove useful even if the Chaos Siege Giant perishes in the attack. If a Chaos Siege Giant with this upgrade perishes and falls over an obstacle such as a moat, ditch or wall (ie, with the Falling Giant template lying across it), either leave the template in place or otherwise mark the obstacle, which now may be crossed by the player's forces as clear ground. Additionally, if the Chaos Siege Giant dies at the foot of a building or fortification, allied models assaulting any garrison across the location of its body (see previously) gain a special +1 bonus to their Combat Resolution.

SPECIAL RULES

Large Target, Terror, Stubborn & Immune to Psychology.

Siege Armour: Chaos Siege Giants are encased in massive plates of iron and bronze armour inches thick, alternately strapped, nailed and fused into their flesh. This, coupled with the Giant's bulk, makes them all but impervious to arrow fire, although it proves less effective against a foe brave (or foolish) enough to get in close enough to attack the Chaos Siege Giant's less protected thews and vitals. The Giant has a 5+ Armour save, which increases to 3+ against shooting attacks.

Fall Over: Chaos Siege Giants, thanks to the fact they are covered in iron plates hammered and bolted over their bodies, are even more unstable on their feet than 'unmodified' Giants. This can prove as dangerous to friend and foe alike when several tons of angry flesh and spiked metal comes toppling down!

A Chaos Siege Giant must test to see whether it will fall over if any of the following apply:

- If it is beaten in close combat. Test once combat results are determined but before a Break test is taken.
- If it is fleeing at the start of the Movement phase.
- When it crosses an obstacle. Test when the obstacle is reached.
- If the Chaos Siege Giant decides to Flail and Crush an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

To see if a Chaos Siege Giant falls over, roll a D6. On the roll of a 1 or 2, the Chaos Siege Giant falls over. A slain Chaos Siege Giant falls over automatically.

To determine in which direction the Chaos Siege Giant falls, roll a Scatter dice. Place the Fallen Giant template with its feet at the model's base and its head in the direction of the fall. The Fallen Giant template is a special shaped template which otherwise uses all the template rules from the *Warhammer* rulebook (so any models lying completely or partially under it are automatically hit).

A model hit by a falling Chaos Siege Giant takes a Strength 7 hit that has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If the unit is in combat and the Chaos Siege Giant has fallen over while attempting to Flail and Crush, wounds inflicted by the falling Chaos Siege Giant count towards combat resolution.

A Chaos Siege Giant that falls over automatically suffers one wound. If the Chaos Siege Giant is in combat, then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish), a Chaos Siege Giant may get up in its Movement phase, but may not move that turn. Whilst on the ground a Chaos Siege Giant may not attack, but can still defend itself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on it. If forced to flee whilst on the ground the Chaos Siege Giant is slain – the enemy swarm over it and cut it to pieces, stabbing through the chinks in the Chaos Siege Giant's armour. If the Chaos Siege Giant gets the opportunity to pursue its foes whilst on the ground, it stands up instead. A Chaos Siege Giant may attack in close combat as usual on the turn it stands up.

Chaos Siege Giant Special Attacks: Chaos Siege Giants do not attack in the same manner as other creatures, being too large, fractious and in the case of the Chaos-tainted and mutilated Siege Giants, too insane to carry out a coherent plan of attack. In order to determine what a Chaos Siege Giant does in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with it and roll a D6, applying the result shown on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Chaos Siege Giant's victim. When fighting characters who are riding monsters, decide whether to attack the rider or mount before rolling on the table.

BIG THINGS CHART

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines and anything else with the Large Target special rule (except buildings) and characters riding any of the above.

D6	Result
1-2	Legbreaker!
3-4	Smash with Pick
5-6	'Eadbutt

MAN-SIZED OR SMALLER THINGS CHART

Use this chart when fighting anything not covered by the Big Things chart.

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2	Smash with Pick
3-4	Flail and Crush
5-6	Ripping Blades

Legbreaker!: The Chaos Siege Giant targets the legs of its outsized enemy with its Ripping Blades and Pick, tearing open hamstring muscles, severing limbs and slamming their foe into the ground. The Giant targets a single enemy model in the target unit that is in base contact. The Chaos Siege Giant and its victim then both roll a D6 and add their Strength, and for each point by which the Chaos Siege Giant beats its victim's score, it inflicts D3 automatic wounds with no armour saves allowed. In addition, regardless of the result, any models other than the Chaos Siege Giant inflicting the attack in base contact with the victim must pass an Initiative test to get out of the way or suffer an automatic wound from the struggling foes!

Smash with Pick: The Chaos Siege Giant brings down its pick on the head of its unfortunate victim, leaving little but a bloody red smear. The Chaos Siege Giant's player chooses a single target model from the enemy unit that it is in base contact with. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test. If the test is failed, the model suffers 2D6 wounds with no Armour save allowed. If a double is rolled, the Chaos Siege Giant's pick has embedded itself in the ground and it cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst it yanks it free.

'Eadbutt: The Chaos Siege Giant targets a single enemy model from the target unit that is in base contact with it, automatically inflicting one wound with no Armour saves allowed. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then the victim is dazed and loses their subsequent attacks. If the victim has not yet attacked in the combat round, they lose their attacks this round, or if they have already attacked, then they lose all their attacks in the next round instead.

Yell and Bawl: The Chaos Siege Giant bellows and howls at the enemy in an inarticulate but utterly terrifying tirade of abuse. Neither the Chaos Siege Giant nor models in base contact with it fight if they have not already done so this round. The Chaos Siege Giant's side automatically wins the combat by 2 points. If both sides have a Giant that Yells and Bawls, the combat is a draw.

Flail and Crush: Being too heavy to jump up and down as a normal Giant can, when moved to a frenzy of violence the Chaos Siege Giant however does its best to mash anything close underfoot and flails blindly with its oversized weapons. First test to see if the Chaos Siege Giant falls over (see previously), with any wounds caused if it does counting towards the combat result. If the Chaos Siege Giant remains on its feet, select a target unit in base contact. That unit sustains D6 Strength 8 automatic hits. Resolve wounds and saves as normal as the armoured bulk of the Chaos Siege Giant batters them into the ground.

Ripping Blades: Equipped with massive hooked blades or oversized flails mounted on bundles of chains, Chaos Siege Giants are equally at home smashing apart buildings and fortifications as they are sweeping mere mortals into a jumbled heap of torn flesh and broken bones. The Chaos Siege Giants' enthusiasm however can sometimes mean they prove more dangerous to themselves than the enemy.

Select a target unit in base contact. That unit suffers 2D6 Strength 6 automatic hits – resolve wounds and saves as normal.

If a double 6 is rolled, as well as inflicting 12 hits on the enemy, the Chaos Siege Giant must immediately test to see if it falls over. Any further damage done in this way counts towards combat resolution.

If a double 1 is rolled, something very unfortunate has occurred. If this has happened no damage is inflicted on the enemy unit. Instead the Chaos Siege Giant suffers D3 wounds (no saves) and immediately falls over (the chain has wrapped around its neck, they've managed to stab themselves or something equally unpleasant has occurred). Any wounds caused by the fall count towards combat resolution as usual.

Wall-Ripper: A Chaos Siege Giant may always choose to attack and destroy buildings regardless of the scenario (see page 399 of the *Warhammer* rulebook and use the Watchtower description for fortified buildings where appropriate), and may always choose to assault the building even if it is occupied, potentially bringing it down on top of any unlucky garrisoning troops inside. A Chaos Siege Giant always attacks a building with the Smash with Pick attack and need not roll for a random attack type.

Bile Troll of Chaos

Trolls are hideous and malformed creatures, among whom a wide variety of different mutated sub-species and terrible deformities can be found. Perhaps the vilest of these are the Bile Trolls – cursed, tortured creatures with an appalling hunger that can never be satiated. Corrupt of flesh and dwelling in living agony, who, unlike many of Father Nurgle's children, receive no respite from the horror of their existence in their dark god's worship. Furthermore, although their ability to heal fresh injury is less than that of their kin (as overtaxed as it is by their own endless suffering), their touch is a lethal poison and their corrosive bile rots away living flesh in seconds.

The ancient lore of the Kul tribes holds a tale that claims the descent of these creatures can be traced to an ancient Troll chief named Raak Stoneshatterer. A beast afflicted with unusual intelligence and endless gluttony who in elder days, before the rise of the Great Bastion of the east, united many of his monstrous kin in a great warband to challenge the Champions of Chaos themselves for the favour of the Dark Gods. Raak and his monstrous kin grew fat and arrogant, until on the plain of Scorched Bones they confronted the vast horde of Gulvas Bloatchild, favoured son of the Plague Father. After days of fighting beneath the howling aurora, Raak and his kin stood triumphant. Wracked with unholy hunger from their exertions, the Trolls descended on the dead of the battlefield and devoured the bitter, cankerous meat of the fallen and so sealed their doom. The infected flesh turned and writhed in their guts, and they were filled with the most potent diseases and cankers of Nurgle's devising. So potent was this malediction it was more than even the vaunted regenerative power of the Trolls could overcome, but it did not consume them. Instead the infected Trolls became even more twisted, tormented creatures, their bodies bloated and agonised, endlessly regenerating only to be devoured again from within. Father Nurgle's mirth was said to be great at their suffering and fallen pride.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Bile Troll	6	2	1	5	5	4	1	3	5	Monstrous Infantry	3-9	60 per model

EQUIPMENT

Suppurating claws, fangs and rusted cleavers (hand weapon).

SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Stupidity, Poisoned Attacks, Regeneration (5+), The Mark of Nurgle & Infected Vomit.

The Mark of Nurgle: Vile beyond belief and shrouded with leprous vapours, the Bile Troll is difficult to target. Ranged attacks that target them are at -1 to hit. Models that target them in close combat strike at -1 WS.

Infected Vomit: The stew of plagues and meat maggots that swim in the guts of the Bile Trolls is so infamous and horrific it has given these creatures their name. Instead of attacking normally, the unit may forgo its usual attacks to make an Infected Vomit attack. Choose one enemy unit in combat with the Bile Trolls, every Bile Troll in base contact with this unit inflicts an automatic Strength 5 hit with no Armour saves allowed. This hit also has the Multiple Wounds (D3) rule. These attacks are treated as magical.

Carmine Dragon

Carmine, or Encarmine Dragons as they are sometimes known to dark legend, are strange and rare beasts even among their storied kin. They are born, it is said according to arcane lore, when a dragon lair in which it is spawned has become saturated by Shyish, the Amethyst wind of death, which is gathered and magnified within the heart and soul of the dragon to be born. They are named for their strange and lustrous scales, supple as sin and harder than steel, which begin a deep ruby red when they are young, darkening to a purple so deep as to be almost black as they age, Carmine Dragons are sinister, clever and deadly creatures, and considered spectres of death in many ancient tales, and one's appearance in the lore of the Dwarfs is always seen as an omen that presages disaster. They are reputed to lair in dark swamps, ancient battle sites and the ruins of fallen cities — anywhere where death has had lease on a great scale, for in some way the echoes of destruction are said to feed their power, and the spirits of the dead whisper to them in the darkness.

The wrath of a Carmine Dragon is truly terrible to behold, and only rarely will they ever submit to an alliance, let alone to be ridden, save as part of some dark purpose or design of their own, although if they do, it is usually only to one themselves knowledgeable in dark and arcane lore.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Carmine Dragon	6	5	-	5	6	6	5	6	8	Monster	1	305
Emperor Carmine Dragon	8	8	-	8	9	9	7	8	10	Monster	1	700

SPECIAL RULES

Terror, Large Target, Fly, Scaly Skin (2+) see the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Magic (Emperor Dragon): Some Emperor Dragons are mighty wizards in their own right, able to instinctively wield the power of the Winds of Magic. Emperor Carmine Dragons may be bought up to four Wizard levels for 35 points each. These spells are always drawn from the Lore of Death.

Coruscating Blast: The Carmine Dragon's breath weapon is a sorcerous blast of powerful Amethyst magic capable of withering metal and rendering flesh to dust as if millennia had passed in mere seconds. This breath weapon works similarly to determining the effects of a cannon shot (see the *Warhammer* rulebook). The maximum range of the attack's target point is 12" away from the monster and may be targeted just like a normal breath weapon. After the target point has been selected, roll the Artillery dice to create a line of effect for the blast travelling in a straight line away from the dragon (just as for determining a 'bounce' for a cannon shot). A Misfire result should be re-rolled. Any model caught in the line of the blast suffers D3 wounds, with no Armour saves possible.

Toad Dragon

Toad Dragons are huge, reeking, primeval horrors. They are for the fate of the world blessedly few in number, and confined largely to the trackless, otherworldly fens known as the Cold Mires under the coruscating skies of the uttermost north. These colossal beasts are near-mindless, violent and almost impossible to kill, and have a dire repute in the legends of the Northern Wastes which name them for their appearance and raw power, when in truth they are perhaps far closer to the lumbering beasts that inhabit the jungles of Lustria than the true and ancient lineages of dragon-kind.

The strength of a Toad Dragon is prodigious, as is its appetite, while its tainted breath is so corrosively foul it can liquefy flesh and wither steel in mere moments. Those it does not devour or smash flat it can smother beneath its feculent bulk as it crawls across the earth – its questing tongue darting out with terrifying speed to snatch up more victims to disappear down its yawning maw.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Toad Dragon	8	4	0	7	7	10	2	4	6	Monster	1	350

SPECIAL RULES

Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Immune to Psychology, Colossal Beast, Unspeakable Foulness, Tongue Lash & Terror.

Colossal Beast: Such is the vast size of the beast it is uncommonly hard to kill by 'normal' means. Its bulk and resilience is such that arrows and blades are of little more account than pinpricks, and even cannon fire and powerful magics must strike at the vitals of such a creature in order to slay it.

The creature may only be wounded by attacks of Strength 4 or higher, and regardless of an attack's Strength, the great beast may never be wounded on better than a 3+.

If the great beast is subject to a magic spell or special attack that would cause it to be slain outright, it suffers D6 wounds instead.

This creature is so massive it can crush dozens beneath its bulk and annihilate great swathes of men with a lash of its tail. The monster's Thunderstomp inflicts 2D6 hits.

Unspeakable Foulness: A Toad Dragon may exhale a blast of flesh-rotting foulness from his gaping jaws. Any unfortunates caught in the path of this tide of horror suffer the most appalling fate imaginable as their flesh sloughs from their bones and their lungs fill with blood and pus. This is a breath weapon attack and any model caught within its template is automatically hit and must take a Toughness test at -1 or suffer D3 wounds. No armour saves may be taken against this attack.

Tongue Lash: In addition to the Toad Dragon's normal attacks, it may also make a single special lash attack with its befouled and venomous slurping tongue. This single attack may be inflicted against any enemy model in base contact with the Toad Dragon; it is a Strength 4 Poisoned attack with the Always Strikes First special rule. Should the victim survive, they suffer -1 to hit that combat turn.

K'daai Fireborn

Chaos Dwarfs are arrogant, malign and paranoid beings who will bend their knee to none but their Father of Darkness, Hashut. The desires of their Sorcerers and Daemonsmiths are for power and domination, and for weapons and soldiers that will make them invincible – and it is from this desire that the K'daai Zharr – the scions of fire, were born. Rather than summon Daemons all but uncontrolled as a human sorcerer might or parley bargains with the greater fiends of Chaos, the priests of Hashut have long sought to enslave the Daemons they summon by binding them into weapons and armour, war machines and constructs, thus harnessing and controlling them to the Sorcerer's will and giving them form. With the K'daai they have sought to do something more, to create a race of beings, half-daemon stuff and half-raging fire drawn from the magma of the deep earth and birthed in the boiling blood of Hashut's burning sacrifices, given form and contained within an armoured framework of articulated iron and rune-stamped bronze.

The K'daai are devastating shock troops, but fractious and difficult to control, and as the destructive energies contained within them slowly exhaust themselves, they burn through the binding rituals placed upon the entity within, slowly bringing about their destruction. As such their use is confined, and between battles they slumber as cold frameworks of barbed iron, awaiting the rituals of blood and fire that awake them to slaughter.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
K'daai Fireborn	6	4	2	5	4	2	4	2	7	Monstrous Infantry	3-15	55 each

SPECIAL RULES

Unstable, Unbreakable, Fear, Flaming Attacks, Blazing Body, Bound Fire Daemon & Burning Bright.

Blazing Body: Any model (friend or foe), except another K'daai, in base contact with a K'daai at the start of the Close Combat phase takes an automatic Strength 4 hit. This is counted as a Flaming attack. In addition, any non-magical attacks suffer a -1 penalty to wound them.

Bound Fire Daemon: The K'daai have bodies of sorcerous flame bound into shape by armour-like frameworks of metal and enslaved by the black arts of the Daemonsmiths. The K'daai count as Daemons for the purposes of any relevant spell or effect against them; and have a 4+ Ward save which increases to 2+ against Flaming attacks.

Burning Bright: Once unleashed the power of the K'daai's sorcerous fire is so great that it consumes even itself eventually and destroys the bindings holding them in shape. As a result, from the second game turn onwards, at the start of each turn a Toughness test must be made for each K'daai unit (roll once for each unit). If this is failed they suffer D3 wounds with no save of any kind possible, distributed as per a shooting attack.

Hear the summons of Hashut!
The Dark Father calls you to slaughter,
Blood and fire exhorts you to war!
Hear the summons of Hashut!
Stretch your limbs of blood-oiled steel,
The Dawi-Zharr march forth once more!
Answering the summons of Hashut!

From the K'daai rituals of awakening

K'daai Destroyer

Far larger than the K'daai Fireborn fashioned as shock troops by the Chaos Dwarfs, K'daai Destroyers are massive constructs created in the form of mighty warriors or iron beasts, such as gargantuan monstrous bulls and other nightmarish creations, awakened by mass blood sacrifice and set loose upon the enemy. The High Priests of Hashut have succeeded almost too well in the creation of the K'daai Destroyers, for they are near-mindless, elemental forces of destruction, and need to be laid to rest as cold and silent metal until they are required in battle, where they burn bright and terrible, but briefly.

Only the greatest of the Sorcerer-Prophets are able to forge these monsters of metal and flame, and the process is both costly and arduous in the extreme. This limits their number, making them almost the stuff of legend. But with the dark imaginings and limits of deadly craftsmanship the only end to the terrible forms a K'daai can be fashioned and shaped into, there have been those of Hashut's priesthood who have met their cursed doom early, as the power required to make their glorious vision real has slipped from their grasp. There are those malign Sorcerer-Prophets that have turned this to their advantage, entering into dark pacts of trade with other evil wizards and sorcerers, granting to them the bound power of such a hellish creation in return for some vast and unholy price, knowing full well that the K'daai's power is ultimately self-destructive and more than likely to turn on those that try to wield it without sufficient caution.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
K'daai Destroyer	9	5	3	7	6	6	5	6	8	Monster	1	325

OPTIONS

K'daai Destroyers are singular constructs, fashioned to the desires and diabolic whims of the Daemonsmiths and Sorcerer-Prophets of the Chaos Dwarfs that forge them in Hashut's deathly fires. Accordingly although all are large and bestial, some may be created in the image of a great bull, another a Rhinox or even a dragon or some twisted creature conjured from the dark imagination of its creator. All however are beasts of blackened and jagged metal suffused with glowing runes of binding and alive with hellish flame.

Any K'daai Destroyer may take one of the following upgrades reflecting the form in which it has been created:

- **Razor Horns ..... 15 points**
  Fashioned in the shape of a great bull or Minotaur, the charge of the K'daai Destroyer can shatter a hillside. The K'daai Destroyer causes D6 Impact hits.

- **Gore Blades ..... 10 points**
  The Destroyer's body is covered in barbs and blades, making it almost impossible to attack in close combat without an enemy being cut to shreds in the attempt. When fighting the K'daai Destroyer in close combat, all To Hit rolls of a '1' by the enemy inflict an automatic Strength 3 hit on the attacking unit or character.

- **Dark Colossus ..... 50 points**
  The K'daai Destroyer is a towering monster, larger even than others of its kind. The work of the greatest of the Sorcerer-Prophets, it is able to crush fortifications and mighty beasts beneath its burning claws and leave the earth an ashen waste in its wake. The K'daai Destroyer gains the Colossal Beast special rule.

- **Brazen Wings ..... 40 points**
  The K'daai Destroyer has been outfitted with brazen wings infused with sorcery and the blood of a Great Taurus slain in ritual supplication to Hashut, Father of Darkness. The K'daai Destroyer now has the Fly special rule and a Strength 4 Flaming attack breath weapon.

SPECIAL RULES

Unstable, Large Target, Unbreakable, Terror, Flaming Attacks, Blazing Body, Hellish Frenzy, Bound Fire Daemon & Burning Bright.

Blazing Body: Any model (friend or foe), except another K'daai, in base contact with a K'daai Destroyer at the start of the Close Combat phase takes an automatic Strength 4 hit. This is counted as a Flaming attack. In addition, any non-magical attacks suffer a -1 penalty to wound them.

Bound Fire Daemon: The K'daai have bodies of sorcerous flame bound into shape by armour-like frameworks of metal and enslaved by the black arts of the Daemonsmiths. The K'daai are counted as Daemons for the purposes of any relevant spell or effect against them, and have a 4+ Ward save which increases to 2+ against Flaming attacks.

Burning Bright: Once unleashed the power of the K'daai's sorcerous fire is so great that it consumes even itself eventually and destroys the bindings holding them in shape. As a result, from the second game turn onwards, at the start of each turn a Toughness test must be made for each K'daai unit (roll once for each unit). If this is failed they suffer D3 wounds with no save of any kind possible, distributed as per a shooting attack.

Hellish Frenzy: A K'daai Destroyer is subject to the Frenzy special rules found in the *Warhammer* rulebook, gaining +D3 attacks each turn rather than +1, whilst they remain frenzied.

Bale Taurus

The Dark Lands are a dread realm, a haven and birthing ground for all manner of monsters and unnatural creatures, but none are more sought after by the Chaos Dwarfs than the Great Taurus of the Volcanic Heights. Of the supreme terrors of the crags and craters of ash and fire, some claim the Great Taurus is less a beast than a manifestation of the rage and deathly savagery of the Dark Lands themselves. To the Chaos Dwarfs their resemblance both in form and molten fury to the icons of their terrible god, Hashut, Father of Darkness, is no mere coincidence.

In form no two Bale Taurus are ever quite alike, and the mightiest of them are truly massive beasts that never die except by violence. All bear the overall semblance of a huge, winged daemoniac-bull whose flesh burns with the intensity of a living furnace sufficient to wreath it in smoke and spark the ground afire beneath its hooves, and against which arrow and blade alike perishes to cinders and ruin. To many who would consider themselves wise in such things, the burning wrath of the Bale Taurus is little more than a myth, for sustained by the fires of the Dark Lands these unnatural creatures seldom stray far from their lairs. But those who inhabit the Dark Lands know better. They fear the ash-trailing shadows that might circle the sky, and the plummet of the Bale Taurus like a red-wreathed comet upon its prey – an onslaught no merely mortal creature can withstand.

None but the highest servants of Hashut and the most powerful of Fire Wizards can hope to master these hellish monsters, and the infernal stables of the crimson and bronze Taurus beneath the great temple of Zharr-Naggrund are heated by sacrificial fires kept burning night and day to appease the sacred beasts kept there.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
	6	5	0	6	6	5	3	4	6	Monster	1	225 points

OPTIONS

A Bale Taurus may take any of the following:

- **Bloodrage** ..... **30 points**
  This grants the Bale Taurus the Frenzy and Hatred special rules.

- **Lash Tail** ..... **15 points**
  This grants the Bale Taurus a Tail Attack at +1 Strength.

- **Ossified Armour** ..... **25 points**
  This grants the Bale Taurus a 4+ Scaly Skin save.

SPECIAL RULES

Flaming Attacks, Fly, Large Target, Terror, Breath Weapon (Strength 4 Flaming Attack), Blazing Body & Fuelled by Fire.

Blazing Body: Any model (friend or foe) in base contact takes an automatic Strength 4 hit at the start of the Close Combat phase. This is a Flaming attack. Additionally, any non-magical attacks suffer a -1 penalty on rolls to wound a Bale Taurus.

Fuelled by Fire: A Bale Taurus cannot be wounded by spells from the Lore of Fire. In addition, if the Bale Taurus is the target of a successfully cast spell from the Lore of Fire, it immediately regains D3 Wounds lost earlier in the battle.

The Death of Kald Gorfgrimm

From the Karak Azul Book of Grudges, 1346

In this year Kald Gorfgrimm, Hearth Lord of much renown, in fulfilment of Oath placed upon him by his King, led an expedition into the eastern lands to establish trade with the distant kingdoms of Cathay.

Gorfgrimm had been given orders to travel through the southern reaches of the Plain of Bone, avoiding the lands in which our debased kin lurk. Yet he had not reckoned with the Daemons that lair within those dark lands. A great fiery bull descended from the sky on the fortieth day, scattering the column amid much slaughter and trampling Gorfgrimm's body beneath its hooves. His Oath unfulfilled is now a shame upon his kin.

May Grimnir curse all their Chaos-spawned breed, their malice brings us nothing but loss and suffering.

Bull Centaur Render

Warped and malign creatures, Chaos Dwarf Bull Centaurs are, as their name suggests, twisted amalgams of Chaos Dwarf and ferocious bull in aspect, the unnatural fusion creating hulking, monstrous beasts far larger than either and driven with cannibalistic appetites. Many centuries ago, during the Time of Chaos, a fraction of those that survived the onslaught became horrifically mutated, their stubborn Dwarf resistance to the warping taint overwhelmed utterly by the awful energies to which they were subjected, and so the first Bull Centaurs were born. They came to serve their wider kin as shock troops and temple guardians, and to them was entrusted the protection of the sacred fanes of Hashut as they more than any other had been twisted into the closest semblance of the Father of Darkness' image. Into each successive generation of Chaos Dwarfs a handful of new 'blessed' kin have been born – usually to the death of their unfortunate dams – and such children are given over immediately to the Sorcerers to serve in turn. This number however has not proven enough, and Hashut's inventive priesthood have wielded their dark arts to make more, tampering with their offspring using horrific magics, and even fusing them into frameworks of metal and daemon-tainted flesh to swell the ranks of their temple guardians.

As well as serving as temple guardians, the Bull Centaurs are also entrusted with dangerous tasks by their masters, who trust them implicitly. They are hulking, savage creatures whose strength and endurance far exceeds that of a Chaos Dwarf, and thanks to their strange forms they are far swifter in battle. As they age, their flesh hardens and distorts almost to the consistency of living metal, and rather than heal naturally from injuries, they must instead rely upon their Sorcerer-masters to repair their wounds with poultices of molten mercury, steel sutures and brazen splints. Although as keen-witted and intelligent as their Chaos Dwarf brethren, and utterly devoted to the worship of Hashut, their Father of Darkness, they are even swifter to anger, and are often otherwise preoccupied with a great hunger for flesh. A good number of the slave-sacrifices bound for Hashut's temples will actually be rent apart, torn limb-from-limb at the Bull Centaurs' holy feasts, as while slave meat is a common fare for the Chaos Dwarfs, the Bull Centaurs prefer their meals both alive and screaming.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
Bull Centaur Render	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	2	8	Monstrous Beasts	3-12	40 per model

SPECIAL RULES

Fear & Scaly Skin (5+).

EQUIPMENT

Heavy Armour and Hand Weapon

OPTIONS

Bull Centaur Renders may take one of the following (all Bull Centaur Renders in the unit must have the same upgrades):

- **Additional Hand Weapon** ..... **+5 points per model**
- **Great Weapon** ..... **+10 points per model**
- **Shield** ..... **+5 points per model**

"The flow of slaves to the Dark Lands of the Chaos Dwarfs feeds two great needs: the sprawling mine pits and the bloody hunger of the Bull Centaurs. Only by force of arms do we stop these plagues from draining our kingdoms dry."

Gerlach Wurnst,
Captain of Arms in the Border Princedoms

Colossal Squig

The strange, improbable and often quite insane creatures known as Squigs are weird half-fungoid, half-flesh beasts that breed and multiply in symbiosis with the greenskins, a brutal and warlike species which includes the Orcs and the Goblins. Within the mountainous regions of the Warhammer world, the greenskin tribes known as Night Goblins by those with the misfortune to have suffered their predations are particularly adept at the husbandry of these twisted monsters, keeping them deep within the caves and tunnels in which the light-shunning Goblins have their lairs. Squigs range in size from small creatures the size of cats up through the bestial hunting Squigs and the madcap beasts the Night Goblins use as dangerous and unstable war beasts, to the feared Mangler Squigs goaded into battle to devour the enemy wholesale, but none of these match the sheer size of the Colossal Squigs said to inhabit the depths of the Grey Mountains and the Vaults. These spherical monsters are of staggering size and possess insatiable appetites, no more in essence than an impossibly large, fleshy maw studded with row after row of scimitar-bladed teeth.

These beasts are near-impossible to direct, let alone train, and the Night Goblin Shaman must resort to drugged meat (often live and unfortunate Goblins from their tribe) to make them barely manageable, or hugely potent spells powerful enough to overcome the barely conscious instincts that propel these behemoths on a path through the underworld eating any tasty morsel, regardless of shape and size, that crosses their path.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
	4D6	2	0	6	6	6	1	D6	3	Monster	1	135

SPECIAL RULES

Large Target, Terror, Random Movement (4D6), Falls Apart & Dinner's Dinner!

Falls Apart: When a Colossal Squig dies it collapses in a tide of offal and half-digested meat. Every model in base contact with it suffers an automatic Strength 3 hit.

Dinner's Dinner!: When the Colossal Squig's random movement brings it into contact with a unit, either friend or foe, it will attack it normally as if it were an enemy, and counts as charging that unit. This combat will continue until resolved normally. These appalling creatures are too dull-witted and hungry to care otherwise!

All around Sir Morholt the ground trembled and heaved like a storm-driven sea, loose stones pelted his armour and the world was filled with a terrible grinding sound. Before him the small hill rippled and twisted, as though it sought to free itself from the earth that had created it. Goblins fled from around its base, throwing aside their weapons in their haste and wailing in abject terror. Several were crushed by falling boulders dislodged from the hill's flanks by its violent shaking before they could disappear into the safety of the nearby forest, leaving Sir Morholt alone in the face of the earth's fury.

With a final resounding ground-shaking crunch the entire hill tore itself free of the ground, the cave at its base crumbling away to reveal an immense gaping maw packed full of teeth that might once have been mistaken for stalactites and stalagmites. Then, as a pair of pale, wart-speckled legs unfolded beneath it, the dirt and rock that had once been a hill sloughed away, littering the ground with rubble and revealing the horrific creature that had been trapped within. Revealed in the light of the sun it resembled a huge ball of mottled rubbery flesh, punctuated by a pair of tiny black eyes and a vast mouth that stretched the width of its bloated body. Taking a single lumbering step forwards the creature loomed over Morholt, eclipsing the sun with its bulk, and he stood beneath it alone, in a deserted canyon, lost in the wasteland that was the Grey Mountains.

This was not how Sir Morholt, a questing knight of Bretonnia who had trained since he was a boy in the finest traditions of chivalry, expected to meet his end. In the glorious tales he had listened to as a youth many a knight had perished at the hands of such a terrible beast. However those heroes stood against majestic dragons, defending villages full of grateful peasants; or fought regal griffons amidst blood-soaked battlefields. Though they died they were all immortalised in tale and song. But Morholt had been ambushed on the way to the battlefield. His proud war horse had been slain in a pit trap left by a band of scrawny Goblins, his companions either killed by a cowardly rain of arrows or bound and tossed into the gaping mouth of the hill that became a monster. Only the Lady knew how long the Goblins had been ambushing travellers and feeding them to their entombed behemoth.

Now, standing alone before the ungainly hulk Sir Morholt was filled with despair. Now he would never be part of an epic tale, never be known far and wide for his heroics. No worthy dragon or graceful griffon would end his life, only this wart-ridden monstrosity, a creature fed and worshipped by pathetic Goblins. Despair turned to anger and Morholt tightened his grip on his sword. Raising the blade high he summoned up all his rage and let forth a mighty shout, charging bravely towards the monster.

Despite Morholt's brave charge, yelling defiantly with the sun gleaming on his armour, the creature barely seemed to notice him, half blind in the sun after its long incarceration. Morholt careened towards the beast, hacking frenziedly at its legs and cutting into the rubbery flesh of the limbs. With viscous ooze dripping from its wounds, the great squig became aware of its ant-like tormentor and staggered backwards a few thunderous steps so that it could see Morholt past its own cylindrical bulk. Morholt, seeing the creature retreat, was filled with hope. Sword held poised in front of him and a prayer to the Lady on his lips he sprang forwards and prepared to deal the monstrous Squig a vital blow. The beast, vision still blurred in the bright sunlight, was confronted by the sight of the knight flying towards it and stretched wide its jagged-toothed maw. With a single gulp and a surprised yelp Morholt vanished from sight.

A few moments passed, the clearing suddenly quiet in the battle's aftermath, and then a tremendous belch rang forth from the Squig's gargantuan jaws, shaking the distant trees and spraying the clearing with stinking saliva. With a dull clang Morholt's sword fell to earth, lying forlornly amidst the rubble of the Squig's emergence. The monster regarded the blade thoughtfully, then prodded it with one immense foot. When it neither moved nor cried out it decided it was probably not food and ambled ponderously towards the darkened shadows of the forest.

Incarnate Elemental of Death

When the storms of magic gather there are some wizards who would dare to summon the purest and most destructive essence of one of the mighty winds of magic and bind it to the shape of spirit-creatures forged of tempestuous force. Of these terrible beings few are as feared as the quintessence of the Amethyst wind of magic, Shyish — the dread Incarnate Elemental of Death.

Those who call forth an Incarnate Elemental of Death risk bringing about their own untimely demise, for to summon such a fearsome creature is to invite death itself unto themselves. Eerily silent save for the whisperings of the grave that follow in its wake, the Incarnate Elemental of Death is a nightmarish apparition, two dragon-like heads with but a single twisting serpentine body, bound to the mortal realm by the power held within a rare Shyish horologe. This hourglass, legend has it containing the dust of a king's bones, serves as a powerful arcane focus and only this is able to contain the straining power of such an unnatural entity.

It is said that anyone that glances into the hellish eyes of the Incarnate Elemental of Death will see their own destruction, but if they have strayed that close then they are undoubtedly doomed already. As rearing up impossibly on its twisting, sinuous body, the Incarnate Elemental will strike at them with a speed few can escape, either crushing its foes beneath the coils of its twisting bodies or tearing them apart with its two sets of monstrous jaws.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
6	4	0	6	6	5	5	*	7	Monster	1	275

SPECIAL RULES

5+ Ward save, Hover, Large Target, Terror, Unbreakable, Unstable, Incarnate Elemental, Consume Life, Amethyst Fog & the Hourglass of Shyish.

Consume Life: If the Incarnate Elemental of Death destroys a unit or monster in close combat (this includes running down and destroying a fleeing unit), it immediately gains D3 wounds. These extra wounds first replace any that the Elemental has lost in combat, and afterwards are added to its starting Wound value.

***Amethyst Fog:** The malodorous vapours expelled by the Incarnate Elemental of Death reek of the grave and visit horrific injuries on those caught within them, withering flesh and stealing the breath of its victims. Instead of attacking normally in combat, when it is the Incarnate Elemental of Death's turn to strike, every model in base contact instead suffers a wound on a 4+ with no armour save possible or D3 wounds on a 4+ with no armour save if the model is a monster (monsters and riders are rolled for separately). This is a magical attack.

The Hourglass of Shyish: Imbued with the amethyst incandescence of death, the Incarnate Elemental may use the energies trapped within the Hourglass of Shyish, the artefact that binds it to this realm, to wreck havoc, unleashing a storm of deathly power at the expense of its own existence by shattering the hourglass. At the start of its player's Compulsory Movement phase, the Incarnate Elemental of Death can shatter its hourglass, blasting out a wave of deathly power. All models (friend and foe) within 3D6" are immediately struck as if by the Amethyst Fog attack as described previously.

When this is done the Incarnate Elemental of Death itself suffers D6 wounds with no saves of any kind (including Ward saves, Consume Life, Regeneration, etc) permitted. This power may only be used once per game.

"Having seen the destructive capabilities of dragons I find it eminently suitable that the embodiment of the wind of Shyish takes the form of such a beast."

Lokar Garrent,
Wizard of the Amethyst Order

Basilisk

Found in the most treacherous regions of the Warhammer world, from the Bloodspine Mountains of the unknown Southlands to the Grey Peaks that shoulder the Empire, Basilisks are creatures so inimical to life that they poison the very ground they walk upon. They are a living blight that can swiftly reduce an area to ruinous wasteland, decimating crops and slaughtering livestock with venom that suffuses both their body and spirit.

Despite their might Basilisks are a reclusive menace, preferring to skulk in the cover of forests and hills, allowing their noxious presence to poison and kill their prey from afar before appearing to feed. Their huge bodies are covered by brightly coloured scales, from the membranous fins upon their head to the tip of their long tail, a warning of their venomous nature. They prowl about on eight reptilian legs, and move so swiftly they are able to run down and kill even the quickest prey.

In dense terrain they rely on their poisonous aura to clear foliage that might otherwise obstruct their charge, whilst their long claws finish off prey weakened by the poison they exude. So powerful is the venom that infuses the Basilisks' very being in fact that when brought to bay by hunters and struck, it will corrupt and destroy the blades set against them.

The most potent weapon in the Basilisks' arsenal is their deadly gaze. Renowned in folklore across the Old World for its lethal nature, the Basilisks' sickly pale eyes are able to focus the destructive potential of their poisonous soul, withering their prey until its skin and flesh slough away. It is the dark renown of the Basilisks' gaze that ensures that when the great storms of magic descend and binding scrolls are empowered once again, many a wizard will eagerly seek to call them forth and unleash them upon a hated foe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
Basilisk	8	4	4	5	6	6	5	5	6	Monster	1	325

SPECIAL RULES

Scaly Skin (4+), Terror, Swiftstride, Poisoned Attacks, Foreststrider, Cold Blooded, Aura of Vitriol & Maleficent Gaze.

Cold Blooded: The Basilisk rolls 3D6 for all Leadership tests, discarding the highest dice.

Aura of Vitriol: The Basilisk's aura taints anything that draws near, destroying weapons and killing men, its deadly power increasing with exposure. Roll a D6 at the beginning of each round of combat for every model participating in a combat in which the Basilisk is involved (including friendly models).

On the first turn of combat with the Basilisk a wound is inflicted on a result of a 6, on the second turn a wound is inflicted on a 5+, and so on to a maximum of 2+. Armour saves and regeneration may not be taken against the Basilisk's vitriol, although other Ward saves and Magic Resistance may be used.

Maleficent Gaze: The Basilisk focuses its dark malice upon a single target, its gaze blistering skin and metal, and flaying the target with its tainted power. Once per Shooting phase the Basilisk may select one model within 18", line of sight and not in combat. This may be a single model within a unit so long as it is in the front rank or may otherwise be clearly seen. Roll to hit against the target as normal for a shooting attack. If this is successful roll a D6 and use the following table to determine the effect:

D6	Result
1	The target is able to avoid the Basilisk's gaze and there is no effect.
2-3	The target's skin is blistered and burned by the Basilisk. The model's Initiative score is permanently reduced by 1.
4-5	The target takes a single wound with no Armour save.
6	The target's body is reduced to a steaming pile of polluted flesh. It is immediately removed as a casualty regardless of wounds, and if it was part of a unit then the rest of the unit takes an immediate Panic test. No saves of any kind are allowed against this attack.

There are those scholars who would insist that all of the greatest beasts that affright and ravage our world are descended in some part, if not whole lineage, from the dragon-kin of old, born into being so long ago that even the ancient Slann remember the ages that spawned them only dimly, like dreams unravelling in the dawn's light. Others, who have had consultation with the lore of the High Elves, insist that such horrors were only unleashed upon the world with the great calamity which did so unleash the great and terrible Storms of Chaos that wrath and snarl at the uttermost regions of the world to this very day. To other creatures myth has described lavish and outlandish tales and origins, while some such as the viciously small and grasping minds of our Empire's Witch Hunters see in everything the immediate wellspring of the Dark Gods' corruption.

To those of our august Colleges of Magic who must face such horrors in the flesh, either as the subject of their craft, or more unwontedly as foes in battle, the matter of their origin or place in folklore may seem an utter irrelevance — particularly when faced with the immediacy of snarling fang and gutting claw. However it must be remembered that in the commandment and destruction of certain uncommon and arcane terrors that knowledge itself is a weapon, and often a vital one. A case in point is the poisoned-eyed Basilisk, and there are many from noble knight to Battle Wizard who have paid the price for ignorance, for to meet a Basilisk's gaze is death for all living things be they man, elf or monster, and such is its vehemence that even the walking dead and Daemons brought forth from the abyss may be unmade by its venom. Here, as in so many other cases, folklore that may seem no more than empty tales, if anything, carry only echo of the merest fraction of the monster's true power.

From the Prima Monstorum of the Imperial Colleges of Magic

Dread Maw

Dwelling in the mires of tainted sludge and ooze that stretch across vast areas of the Chaos Wastes, Dread Maws are one of the vilest creatures to have emerged from these blighted lands. The first sign of these loathsome beasts is an ominous rumbling from beneath the ground as the Dread Maws grind and chew their way through the earth, swiftly followed by an eruption of mud and the stench of putrid slime as their gaping jaws burst forth.

With their circular mouths, studded with rows of sickle-shaped teeth and glistening tendrils, Dread Maws can seize and devour a fully armoured man in seconds. Often smaller prey is swallowed whole, to be slowly digested within their grossly distended bellies — their flesh pliant enough that their victim's struggles can be seen by their comrades. Even the largest creatures will fall prey to Dread Maws. Bursting forth from beneath the ground and latching on with their hooked teeth, they can tear their way inside the greatest of beasts, eviscerating them from within and quickly hollowing out their ruptured carcasses. Few can forget the sight of a mighty dragon or Chimera bellowing in abject pain as it is eaten alive, the wriggling tail of a Dread Maw protruding from the wounds made in its writhing torso.

There are few creatures as horrific as the Dread Maws, their mottled grey flesh shot through by pulsing veins of unhealthy hue and reeking of corruption and rot, and stigmatized with open wounds and atrophied limbs and mutations. The entire length of the Dread Maws, their bodies stretching for many yards, is coated in a disgusting layer of viscous slime, and any warriors brave enough to assault them will have their weapons fouled and limbs caught in the vile substance, which is almost impossible to hack through. As a creature of the Northern Wastes, constant exposure to the taint of Chaos leaves no two Dread Maws alike, and many will sport hooked spines or claws, some even spraying forth gouts of slime or possessing other bizarre mutations.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
Dread Maw	*	2	0	5	5	5	1	D3	7	Monster	1	280

OPTIONS

- **Hooked Spines** ..... **10 points**
  Gains the Devastating Charge special rule.

- **Clawed Mandibles** ..... **10 points**
  Gains the Armour Piercing special rule.

- **Slime Spray** ..... **20 points**
  Gains a Breath weapon that forces any unit under the Flame template to pass an Initiative test or suffer -2" to their move for the next turn.

- **Poisonous Blood** ..... **20 points**
  Any model that inflicts a wound on the Dread Maw in close combat immediately suffers a single S4 hit.

SPECIAL RULES

Terror, Impact hits (D6+1), Random Movement (2D6)*, Stubborn, Scaly Skin (4+), Cavernous Maw & Tunneler*.

Cavernous Maw: The Dread Maw has two additional S6 Chomp attacks. These Chomp Attacks have the Killing Blow and Multiple Wounds (D6) special rules.

***Tunneler:** The Dread Maw moves through the ground to get to its prey, easily tearing a path through earth and stone. It moves in exactly the same fashion as a creature with the Fly special rule. However Tunnelers do not benefit from the Swiftstride rule. Additionally, a unit with this rule also has the Always Strikes First special rule on a turn in which it charges, and any unit charged by a Tunneler does not gain any benefit from multiple ranks in the first round of combat.

"Every caravan master traversing the Ivory Road to far Cathay fears the shaking of the earth that precedes a Dread Maw attack; for even the most expensive guards and bribed Ogres are useless against their burrowing assaults on horse and heavily-laden wagon."

Caros Vitore,
Tilean Merchant Prince

Necrofex Colossus

The baleful art of necromancy has born many a morbid creation into the world – from the animation of human carcasses into near-mindless zombies to nightmarish and insane creatures, part dead flesh and part automata, brought to unholy life to serve a Necromancer's foul purposes. Of this latter unhallowed form one of the most singular and terrifying are the 'Necrofexus Incabula Macros', as they are named in the damned Red Book of Van Hel, and more widely in arcane lore as Necrofex Colossus.

These creations are the greater workings of the Necromancer's dark arts, far beyond the abilities of mere backwoods corpse-dancers and the subservient chatelaine wizards of the Vampire bloodlines. Instead only those Necromancers of singular power and (arguably insane) vision such as the greatest scions of the Necrarch and infamous necromantic masters as Sorn Ghoulskin and the legendary Van Hel himself are able to fashion them. These colossus vary in size and composition, but always hold true to the same basic form—a monstrous humanoid shape, akin to a Giant, fashioned upon a frame of timber, iron or bone, onto which the 'flesh' and musculature of the dead has been bound and shaped, with scores or sometimes hundreds of corpses used in their creation. Their horrific bodies, cadaver-stitched and sealed with human fat, are left headless during the long hours of dark and terrible rites needed to prepare them, and when the time arrives to breathe unholy life into their forms, into the wound-like necks of the headless monsters living humans are lashed and sewn with profane surgery. Strong must be the soul of these living sacrifices, for only through a single life-force and mind acting as a focus for the necromantic magics of the magnitude needed to animate these abominations can they be controlled, and should the soul of the 'head' perish, the whole creation will be torn apart by the hateful undead that make up its fabric in a self-destructive frenzy. But if these dark and blasphemous rites prove successful the Necromancer will have created a truly terrifying monstrosity, a giant of unliving flesh that fears neither pain nor injury, a walking vortex of deathly energy around which the souls of the damned howl and against which no mortal can stand. With so much unholy power concentrated in their forms, Necrofex Colossus are no mere mindless thrall, but possess deathly wills and dark appetites of their own, and will often outlast their creator or even prove their undoing should their master's control slip even for a moment.

In the history of the Old World, the creation of Necrofex Colossus has been thankfully rare, but in their terrible wake many dark stories have been spawned, from the terror of the 'Gallows Giant' of Bogenhafen to the 'Deathwalker' of Sorn Ghoulskin, who fashioned perhaps the largest Necrofex Colossus from the wreckage of the 'Iron Fetter', a great galleass hulk used as a floating prison, after it sank in a terrible storm he had summoned, and articulated it with the bodies of the drowned. Perhaps the widest-known example of a Necrofex Colossus in recent times belonged to the vengeful Infanta Leanora Navrre, now known to fable as 'Darkness' Daughter' who, after being outcast and hunted by the nobles of Estalia for her terrible crimes, dared to bind herself within a Necrofex Colossus and ravaged her erstwhile domains for more than a century like a daemon from the night.

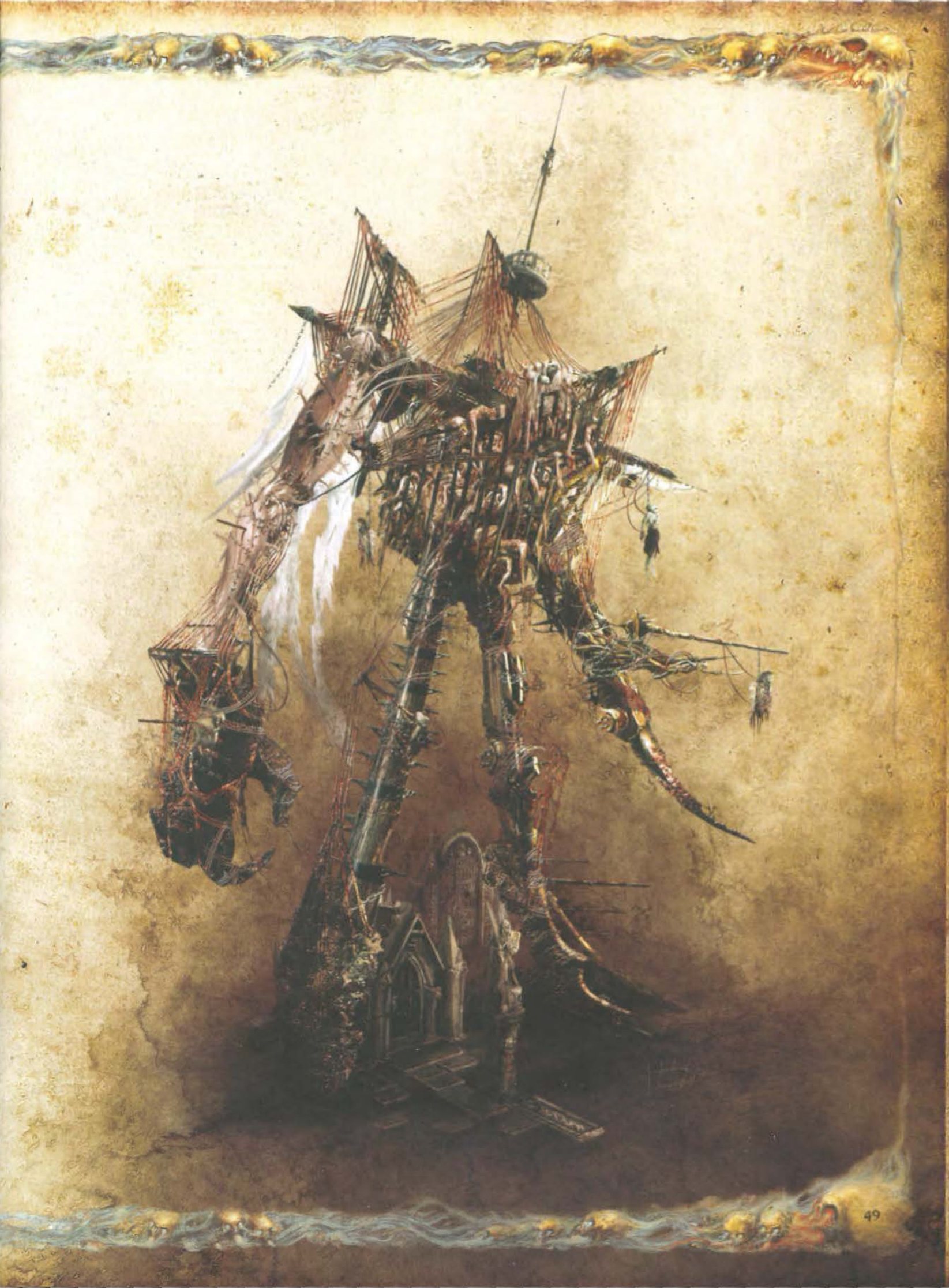
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
Corpse Giant	6	3	0	7	6	6	2	*	8	Monster	1	275
Nightmare Colossus	8	4	0	8	7	10	1	*	10	Monster	1	500

Only the humans have the wit to see it. We Druchii are too pallid in our blood, touched too greatly with the maladies of spite and melancholia, our palettes too jaded.

As for the rest – they are too brutal, too unsubtle, or simply too arrogant and false to admit the truth. Only those delightfully insane, short-lived creatures called Man – born astride a grave compared to us, and yet always so desperately hungry to go on, to exist, whatever the price. The truth is bred in their bones. Only they could work such depraved wonders of tortured corpse and bitter desire, only they truly see the future.

One day, soon or late, despite all our sorceries and our hubris, only one king shall reign and I name him Death.

Sha'dra the Unclean,
Blood Seer of Karond Kar



SPECIAL RULES

Terror, Unbreakable, Unstable, Special Attacks, Vortex of Death, Enchanted Attacks, Largest of Monsters (Nightmare Colossus only) & Colossal Beast (Nightmare Colossus only).

Enchanted Attacks: The Necrofex Colossus' close combat attacks are magical.

Vortex of Death: A Necrofex Colossus is an abomination against the natural order of the world and a loadstone of dark forces which sustain it and renew the countless cadavers that make up its body with their unholy power. This provides the following:

- **Deathly Regeneration:** A Necrofex Colossus has Regeneration (4+) except against Flaming attacks and magical attacks.
- **Power Amplification:** Any Wizard attempting to cast spells either from the Lore of Death or the Lore of Vampires within 12" of a Necrofex Colossus gain +1 to their Casting roll.
- **Power Disruption:** Any Wizard attempting to cast spells either from the Lore of Life or the Lore of Light within 12" of a Necrofex Colossus suffers -1 to their Casting roll.
- **Undead Vulnerabilities:** A Necrofex Colossus suffers extra damage from any specific spell or attack noted as causing additional damage to the Undead.

Special Attacks: A creature of nightmarish power and massive stature, a Necrofex Colossus can make one of a number of attacks in close combat. Select one of the following each round of combat when it is the Necrofex Colossus' turn to strike:

- **Batter and Slash:** The Necrofex Colossus flails and smashes at its enemies with its massive limbs. Choose one enemy unit in base contact – that unit suffers D6+1 attacks.
- **Impale:** The Necrofex Colossus impales a single foe with its misshapen claw and tries to rip their soul from their body. Select a single model in base contact – that model suffers a single attack with the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.
- **Screams of the Damned:** Select a single enemy unit in base contact. Roll D6+2 for the Necrofex Colossus and add its Leadership value to the result. Its opponent then rolls a D6 and adds the highest Leadership value in the targeted unit to the result. If the Necrofex Colossus' score is higher, the number by which the target's score has been beaten is the number of wounds inflicted on the enemy. No Armour saves may be taken against these wounds. Units which are Unbreakable or Immune to Psychology are immune to this attack.

OPTIONS

No two Necrofex Colossus are quite alike, and are instead the product of the insane ambition and morbid imagination of the Necromancer that has fashioned them. Any of the following options may be taken for a Necrofex Colossus at the cost indicated:

- **Scythes and Barbs ..... 10 points**
  The limbs of the Necrofex Colossus have been shot through with broken sword blades, spear points, meat hooks and scythes to cut and snag its enemies with and rip open their bodies. The dice rolled for the Necrofex Colossus' Thunderstomp and Batter and Slash attacks may be re-rolled if desired, but the result of the re-roll must be kept (even if it is worse).

- **Corpse Killers ..... 20 points**
  The dead reach out from the body of the Necrofex Colossus with grasping hands and broken teeth to fasten themselves on any living creature they can and drag them into the seething mass of the Necrofex Colossus' body. On initiative step 1 each Close Combat phase, in addition to its other attacks, every enemy unit in base contact with the Necrofex Colossus suffers D6 Strength 2 automatic hits.

- **Vampire Blood ..... 30 points**
  The flesh and blood of Ghouls and Vampires have long been used in a Necrofex's creation, suffusing it with even greater life, but forcing it to suffer from a black hunger it cannot satiate. The Necrofex Colossus increases the Regeneration provided by its Vortex of Death power to (3+), but must always attempt to charge an enemy if one is available.

- **Dark Soul**
  On rare occasions a Necromancer or Vampire is themself bound within the Necrofex Colossus, creating a monster of truly frightening power.

  A Necrofex Colossus may be bought up to four Wizard levels for +35 points each. If this is done the Necrofex Colossus' player must choose its spells from either the Lore of Death or the Lore of Vampires. Note that the Vortex of Death special rule will then benefit the Necrofex Colossus itself. However, should the Necrofex Colossus suffer a miscast (and survives) in addition to any other effects, the Necrofex Colossus permanently has its Toughness value reduced by 1, as the backlash of the miscast damages the very fabric that holds the horror together.

Brood Horror

When the beastmasters of Clan Moulder spawn a pack of Giant Pox Rats, there is occasionally one among them who will brutally devour the rest of the brood, growing fat and bloated in both strength and savagery, the twisted forms of its kin still visible as they writhe and claw at their fleshy prison. The so-called Brood Horrors are highly prized by the Master-Moulders and traded with the wealthier Skaven clans for many thousands of warp-tokens for use as a war-mount by especially powerful, or ostentatious, Skaven warlords, or goaded into battle to flail and crush the foe beneath its clawed limbs, biting and savaging anything that gets within reach with its razor-sharp teeth.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
Brood Horror	8	4	0	6	5	5	4	4	6	Monster	1	195

EQUIPMENT

- Claws & Teeth

OPTIONS

- **Lash Tail** (Grants the Brood Horror 1 Tail Attack) ..... **15 points**
- **Rusted Armour** (Grants the Brood Horror a 5+ Armour save) ..... **10 points**
- **Skyre Claws** (Grants the Brood Horror's attacks the Armour Piercing and Magic Weapon special rules) ..... **15 points**
- **Pestilent Breath** (Grants a Strength 2 Breath weapon with no Armour saves allowed) ..... **25 points**

SPECIAL RULES

Large Target, Poisoned Attacks, Stubborn, Terror, Regenerate, Foul Ichor & Impact Hits (D3).

Foul Ichor: When the Brood Horror dies it collapses in a foul rush of poisonous filth and the half digested remains of its kin. All units in base contact with the Brood Horror suffer 2D6 Strength 2 hits, distributed as shooting attacks.

The Brood Horror may be used as a monster controlled through a Storm of Magic Binding Scroll, or taken as a mount for a Skaven Warlord for 195 points.

Exalted Vermin Lord

The Vermin Lords are the arch-daemons of the Skaven god the Horned Rat, and embody all that is foul and cruel in that misbegotten race of rat men. At once mighty and vile, cunning and savage, they are creatures of creeping decay and lightning-fast fury—they are ruin made manifest. Huge yet lithe, Vermin Lords are horrific creatures to behold, somewhere in form between plague rat, human and daemon-beast. No two are quite identical, but each is marked with the signs of rank and potency in the Horned Rat's service, with great spiralling horns crowning their heads and black burning blades and glaives clutched in their grasp.

Even the lesser amongst their kind are beings of great power, malevolent intelligence and incalculable malice, and for one to be summoned to the world of mortals is a dire matter that no Grey Seer engages into lightly and without fear, for a Vermin Lord is no brute beast to be controlled, but a being with its own malign agenda and is wiser and more treacherous than any living Skaven could hope to be. But even within the ranks of such impossibly powerful entities there are those whose dark majesty exceeds that of their brethren, these so-called Exalted Vermin Lords may only ever be summoned across the veil of realities in times of great slaughter, suffering and death, and when the winds of magic howl in tempest. Even more dangerous and intractable than their nightmare kin, they demand the death not of mere sacrifices or the carrion of the battlefield as their due, but rather the destruction of entire cities and the ruination of nations for their pleasure before their power is wedded to any cause, even that of the great Lords of Decay.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
Exalted Vermin Lord	8	8	4	7	7	7	9	7	9	Monster, Character	1	775

MAGIC

An Exalted Vermin Lord is a Level 4 Wizard who uses the Skaven Spells of Ruin and the Skaven Spells of Plague, and has access to the *Dreaded Thirteenth Spell.*

EQUIPMENT

- **Direglaive (hand weapon, see Special Rules below)**

SPECIAL RULES

Always Strikes First, 5+ Ward save, Large Target, Terror, Unbreakable, Daemonic Attacks, Direglaive, Withering Flame, Unstable & Loremaster (Skaven Spells of Ruin and Skaven Spells of Plague).

Daemonic Attacks: Being a corporeal manifestation of the malignity of the Horned Rat, all of the Exalted Vermin Lord's attacks are magical.

Direglaive: Attacks made with the Direglaive have the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.

Withering Flame: The Exalted Vermin Lord can unleash a cascade of withering green flame that corrodes metal and blisters flesh. Withering Flame is a shooting attack with the following profile:

	Range	Str	Special Rules
Withering Flame	12"	3	Multiple Shots (D6), Quick to Fire, Poisoned Attacks.

Recently come into my possession is a scroll purported to summon and command an 'Exalted Master of the Endless Host'. I purchased the document from my contact in the Tourmaline Fellowship, who claimed to acquired it from some Deistro recently returned from Tilea, who claimed to have retrieved it himself from a ruined city swallowed by an enormous swamp. Old Hildegard tried to impress me with some gibberish about rats that walk like men, but I am no mere dabbler in the forbidden to be taken in by such mythical nonsense.

Perhaps this creature is some kind of daemon, fancifully named by an errant scholar? Yet according to the accompanying notes the creature is 'lithe and possessed of horrifying vigour'. This sounds unlike any daemon I have yet encountered. It is an intriguing, but easily solved mystery. It will take perhaps a day to set wards which will contain any daemon born of the powers of Chaos, and then we shall see exactly what this creature may be and what secrets I can wrest from it.

The final pages of Maximilian Von Vendich's journal, discovered in his blood-soaked mansion by Witch Hunters of the Order of Sigmar's Wrath

Mourngul

Mourngul are feared and whispered of above all other dangers that haunt the bleak and empty places of the Old World. They are a thing neither dead nor alive, possess an insatiable hunger and are malice personified. From the cold wastes of Norsca to the lofty heights of the Grey Mountains dreadful tales are told around huddled fires of those lost in the white killing cold of the mountain winter, driven mad by famine and pain, insane enough to devour their own companions and former friends for meat, and the warmth of their fast-flowing blood. But for these damned souls there is no relent and no salvation, and even the horrors in which these monsters indulge cannot save them. When death overtakes some of them, such is their desperation and malice that it lingers on after death, and the most destructive and insidious winds of magic are drawn to coil around their spirits to taint and saturate them. Then their cadavers are warped and twisted into inhuman proportions, and they become something neither ghost nor revenant–a terrifying mockery of life, a monstrous, razor-thin shadow of cold, dead flesh and frostbite-cracked bone, with a gaping maw of needle-teeth and a cavernous stomach that hangs open like a dreadful wound.

Mourngul are condemned to an eternity of empty hunger and terrible isolation, doomed to haunt the high, chill barrens, preying on whatever and whomever they happen across, be they travellers, hunters or outcasts, where they enter the legends of Man, Orc and Beastman alike, and in every one are a horror to be fled from and avoided. It is only in the harshest of winters when the snows crash down the mountains and crushing cold grips the lowlands that the Mourngul can descend to feast upon the towns and villages, an all but unstoppable terror, but no matter how many they rend and devour, they can never know relief from the madness of the hunger within them, and only fire is any defence against their kind.

Such is the Mourngul' dark repute that both the noble knights of civilised lands and mighty Champions of Chaos alike seek them out to slay for glory, but few succeed, and many Necromancers who have sought to enslave them have endured their half-lives at the Mourngul's grasping claws. Only when the winds of magic surge and arcane storms scream across the world can powerful binding scrolls be fashioned to contain and control these nightmare creatures, and even then total control of them is never assured.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Mourngul	6	5	0	5	5	5	3	4	8	Monster	1	270

SPECIAL RULES

Terror, Unbreakable, Unstable, Haunter of the Dark, Killing Cold, Carnophage, Obstacle Strider & Chomp Attack (Killing Blow).

Haunter of the Dark: A Mourngul is a thing of shadows and icy fogs. Despite its size it can slip unseen through the darkness and even in broad daylight seems to waver like an evil mirage until it fastens its long sharp claws around its victim's neck. Mourngul have a 5+ Ward save against Shooting attacks, Magic Missiles and Direct Damage spells. Note that because of this a Mourngul is not considered to be a Large Target, despite its size.

Killing Cold: An aura of deathly chill that radiates from the Mourngul means that enemies in base contact are subject to the Always Strikes Last special rule. In addition a Mourngul is immune to any descriptively cold-based power or effect such as a Thundertusk's Icy Breath or a Yhetee's Aura of Frost.

Carnophage: For every wound the Mourngul inflicts in combat, it may regain a single wound it has previously lost. The Mourngul's wounds cannot exceed its starting Wounds value.

"...It is only by the Grace of Sigmar that I live, but I am so very cold and so very hungry. After the attacks by the Chaos-filth in the pass above Scalvad I became separated from the war party and have seen no living soul since. I can remember little of the battle in truth but a savage blur of flashing axe-blade, steaming blood and snow, snow as white as death... Day and night have become a grey twilight to me, and I could not say how long ago that was or how far I have staggered on, half-blind and hungry, and I write these few lines in my journal in a desperate attempt to keep my sanity... I cannot account for my continued survival, but my wounds have at least stopped bleeding, and save for the cut in my stomach which is every hour more worrisome, their pain has faded to a dim echo of what it was. If only I could be warm again, if only I could have something to eat. It is all I think of between dark waking dreams I do not dare to recall. It is strange, passing strange, for I cannot remember the enemy striking me there, the emptiness, imagining things so... hungry ...cannotthink...a fire in theval...so hungrrry..."

Parchment scrap found in the ruins of a destroyed encampment in the Vorgs Crags, No bodies were found

Wolf Rats

Many are the strange and twisted creatures that have been spawned through the warpstone-tainted meddling of Skaven Clan Molder. Many too are thankfully rare, while others, such as the twisted Wolf Rats, have bred true and multiplied in the manner of their verminous masters, and when a Skaven slave escapes from its holding pen, it best run 'quick-quick' as its pursuers will not be far behind, the skittering and scratching of claws behind them not those of their gaolers in furious pursuit, but instead those of the packs of Wolf Rats that many a Skaven clan keeps for such bloodthirsty hunts.

These ravenous monsters are neither rat nor wolf, but an aberrant amalgamation of the two, both lean and insatiably hungry. No one, not even the Skaven Master-Molders themselves exactly know how they came into being, but they can be found almost everywhere that the Skaven infest—from the tunnels and sewers that run below the towns and cities of other races, in Skaven nest-lairs, as well as existing freely in the wild. Wolf Rats are kept by the rat men for a myriad of uses, most commonly for guarding their lairs, hunting down creatures for their hideous experiments, and even in times of famine as food, although the Skaven sent in to kill them are just as likely to end up as the Wolf Rat's next meal. The creatures can never be tamed and often break free from the heavy chains used to restrain them, causing havoc throughout the clan's tunnels until they either escape once more into the wild or are hunted down themselves and destroyed.

In battle the Skaven will unleash the slavering Wolf Rat packs ahead of their own troops as, unlike the cowardly Skaven, these beasts will readily charge headlong into an enemy so eager are they to feast upon flesh. Fearless enough to dash into a hail of arrows, they will pounce and rip out an archer's throat before he has had time to draw his bow for a second shot. Then, tensing back on their long muscular limbs, they will leap hungrily into the ranks behind to take their fill of the bounteous feast laid before them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Wolf Rat	8	4	0	4	3	2	5	2	6	War Beast	5-20	16 points each

OPTIONS

Wolf Rats are diverse and twisted creatures, prone to mutation and afflicted by their foul appetites. Any of the following upgrades may be taken by a Wolf Rat unit (all Wolf Rats in the unit must have the same upgrades).

- **Pox Feeders** ..... **+2 points each**
  Due to their diet of diseased carrion, Wolf Rats have Poisoned Attacks.

- **Warpstone Shard Teeth** ..... **+10 points each**
  Some Clan Skyre Warlocks augment their creatures' fangs and claws with warpstone impregnated implants, giving the Wolf Rats the Armour Piercing and Warpstone Weapon (see the Skaven Army book) special rules.

- **Bloated Mutants** ..... **+3 points each**
  Many times the size of their kin, these are swollen brutes with a limitless hunger. The Wolf Rats gain +1 Toughness and lose -1 Initiative.

SPECIAL RULES

Swiftstrider, Go for the Throat & Tide of Death.

Go for the Throat!: Due to their swiftness and bloodlust, Wolf Rats have the Always Strikes First special rule on the turn in which they charge.

Tide of Death: The Wolf Rats' voracious appetite means they are usually close to the point of starvation, having killed most of the smaller prey creatures in their pack's territories. Should they be summoned to battle their hunger will send them tearing through the ranks of an enemy unit, their strength being bolstered with each mouthful of blood-soaked flesh they gorge themselves upon. A Wolf Rat pack will gain +1 Impact hit per point of rank bonus the unit has.

"I've fought some beasts in my time: tusker boars, corpse hounds, greenskins – and once I even killed a bear with two heads out with a hunting party in the Drakwald, but what attacked us in the hills near Helmgart was like nothing me nor the lads had seen before. Scrawny things they were, like rats but bigger than wolves, and just as damned quick!

Mikoff was the first to go, dragged off his horse when two of the bloodthirsty beasts leapt at him from the trees either side of the path. Leitold was next, then Grimald then Berthar, all hamstrung and ripped open, bleeding out – good as dead before any of the rest of us could bare steel. Then the woods were alive with the vile things, screeching like razors on glass.

So what did I do? I high-tailed it out of there of course. I'm not bloody stupid!"

Testimony of Sergeant Otkar,
1st Altdorf Militia

Curs'd Ettin

Even amid the troll-haunted, Chaos-tainted wastes of Norsca, few creatures are as feared and hated as the Curs'd Ettin. Renowned in dread Norscan saga and tale, the twin-headed Curs'd Ettin are terrors of the high moorlands and mountains of the Northlands, dwelling in lonely caverns and forlorn and shattered fortresses, daubed in the blood of their former owners. Hulking, twisted creatures, these towering monstrosities are easily distinguished from the more commonplace lumbering giants of the Old World by their singular deformities and their cruel intellect, although they share both their size and great hunger for flesh.

Believed to be a single scattered clan, the Curs'd Ettin shun even the company of their own, and—if the dark tales of the Chaos-worshipping tribes are to be believed —never die, save by great violence done to them. Although they have clearly been touched by the mutating hand of Chaos, each Curs'd Ettin shares certain warped traits, carrying their stigma as a curse under whose torment they are bound eternally to suffer, and despise all that walks and crawls in the world, but save their vilest enmity for the Chaos gods who made them.

The Curs'd Ettins' origin is lost in tides of blood and time, but many stories speak that they were once men, not giants and theirs is a curse born of a foolish pride, treachery and bargain with dark and fickle powers. The Curs'd Ettins' bloodline was headed in those ancient times by their warlord-king Jorundr who bargained with the Daemons of Chaos for might and power for him and his lot, and many were their victories with their power bought in coin of blood and sacrifice. According to the sagas as Jorundr's glory grew so too did his pride, until at last in hubris he refused the call to a long prophesied invasion of the southlands, betraying his Daemonic lords to conquer the lands of those instead who had paid heed to their call to war, treacherously ravaging the length and breadth of Norsca, ransacking Chaos altars and bringing back his prisoners as thralls. Thus were the Chaos gods angered and their cruelty was visited on Jorundr and his kin a hundredfold.

Jorundr and his descendants kept the might they so craved, but in horrific form, curs'd now to be riven of soul and twisted of body, fused kinsman to kinsman, greater and lesser in constant struggle for mastery, horrific to look upon and denied the blessed mindless oblivion of spawndom . Driven from Norsca's towns and villages they learned to hate all that lived and their works, for they only served to remind them of what they had lost. Over time as they grew in hatred they grew too in size, and those that survived the terrors of those lands became a terrifying race of giants, bitterest of all the monsters under the shadow of the Dark Gods.

'Least-son of Farnir, King Jorundr
foresware his allegiance to kin and clan,
pledging his line, in fulsome service,
to Chaos' dark lords.
To Jorundr the Gods gifted such glory of war,
such bloody victory, that all his kin
obeyed him gladly till great grew his host
of battle-wrought warriors.'

'Jorundr was undone, lust for power his bane,
troth sundered, his masters brought forth
a curse on all his blood.
Brothers, sons, all suffered his fate,
two-faced now in form and thought,
swollen and twisted, faithless hearts made plain.'

From the Saga of Jorundr the Betrayer

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Curs'd Ettin	6	4	3	6	6	6	2	6	7	Monster	1	315

OPTIONS (ONLY ONE OPTION MAY BE SELECTED)

- **Gibberer** ..... **15 points**
  One of the Curs'd Ettin's heads has devolved into infantile imbecility, drooling and wailing constantly. All enemy units within 8" of the Curs'd Ettin suffer a -1 modifier to their Leadership value unless Immune to Psychology.

- **Scaled Horror** ..... **20 points**
  Amongst those Curs'd Ettin clans living closer to the Chaos Wastes, some are born covered in scabrous scales while their blood has become rancid and poisonous. Should such a Curs'd Ettin suffer an injury in battle, his foes are rewarded with gouts of poisonous ooze. The Curs'd Ettin gains a 4+ Scaly Skin save, and whenever it suffers an unsaved wound in close combat, the unit which inflicted the wound suffers D6 S2 Poisoned attacks. These attacks are immediately resolved at WS2 and do not affect combat resolution.

- **Man Scyther** ..... **15 points**
  Less common than the Hammer Hand, a Man Scyther has one or both arms covered in wicked bone spikes or long calcified talons. The Curs'd Ettin loses the Hammer Hand rule but gains D6+1 Impact hits and +1 Attack.

- **Rune Caller** ..... **35 points**
  Some Curs'd Ettin retain enough intelligence to recall the secrets of their old tribal magic, and are branded with a series of magical runes. The Curs'd Ettin loses the Hammer Hand rule, but becomes a Level 1 Wizard (using either the Lore of Shadows, Death or Beasts). Should the Curs'd Ettin miscast, their personality will shift (no Leadership test is required).

SPECIAL RULES

Terror, Two-headed, Hammer Hand, Bitter Cruelty, Obstacle Strider, Stubborn, Swiftstride & Regeneration (5+).

Two-headed: The Curs'd Ettin has two distinct personalities which constantly war for dominance and control. During set-up the controlling player selects which personality is to be in control at the start of the game. At the end of any turn in which the Curs'd Ettin has suffered a wound, it must take a Leadership test. If passed the Curs'd Ettin retains its current personality, if it is failed the other takes over.

The effects of the two separate heads are as follows:

- **The Betrayer:** Scout deployment rule, Hatred & Bitter Cruelty.
- **The Savage:** +1 Strength, -2 Weapon Skill, -1 Leadership & Frenzy.

Bitter Cruelty: The Curs'd Ettin takes perverse pleasure in inflicting pain against those unable to fight back. When the Curs'd Ettin charges an enemy unit in the side or rear, the bonus to its combat resolution for side or rear charges is doubled.

Hammer Hand: Degenerate and debased Curs'd Ettin are often plagued by deformities. One of the most common is the twisted club-like arm known amongst their tribes as a Hammer Hand. The Hammer Hand is represented by a single additional attack made at Strength 8 with the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Fimir Warriors

To isolated and lonely settlements on fog-shrouded fen and swamp, from the hinterlands of the Empire to the edges of far Cathay, the Fimir are a creature of horrific legend made manifest. Cold and cruel and mightier than any man, with a single baleful eye atop a pointed snout bristling with jagged fangs, to some these scaled nightmares are daemons incarnate, but the truth is much stranger and darker.

Once when all the world was fog-shrouded and dark, legend has it that these cyclopean fiends ravaged the Old World in mighty warbands, tearing down the cities of the High Elves and struggling in bloody conflict with the wild men who dwelt in the lands that would millennia later become the Empire long before Sigmar arose there. For centuries they roared the praises of the dark gods of Chaos and many creatures, now long forgotten, were butchered on their gore-splattered altars. Then their time came to an end, the world changed and the fickle lords of Chaos abandoned them to a slow lingering death amid their crumbling fortresses and lost glory.

Now the dwindling Fimir, degenerate and malign, are reduced to plotting petty raids within their forlorn strongholds and nursing biter hatred for those that now rule where once they were masters. Larger and more ferocious than their sorcerous Draich brethren, with tails tipped with huge bony clubs, the Fimir are mighty warriors, their deathly yellow-grey flesh all but immune to pain so that each can shrug off blows that would kill a man outright. They now march forth from the few remaining hidden Fimir holds under dense blankets of fog—summoned and controlled by primitive talismans forged in blood and bronze by the Draich and their foul matriarchs, their goal to tear the warm-blooded screaming from their shattered homes and holdfasts.

Few wizards possess the means to call forth the Fimir from their places of hiding—for these creatures swore ancient oaths of service to the daemons of Chaos which were committed to binding scrolls of flayed skin in the blood of races long since extinct, and fewer still dare to use them. Those that possess this dark knowledge though can summon forth black armoured warbands of the Fimir to walk the Old World once more, leaving nothing but death and destruction in their wake.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Fimir	6	4	2	4	5	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Infantry	3-12	75 each
Fimir Noble	6	4	2	4	5	3	2	4	8	Monstrous Infantry	*	*

EQUIPMENT

Great Weapon & Heavy Armour (this combines with the Fimir's scaly skin for a 4+ Armour save).

OPTIONS

- **Fimir Noble*** ..... **15 points**
  One Fimir may be upgraded to a Fimir Noble with the profile shown above.

- **Two Hand Weapons** ..... **Free**
  All Fimir in the unit may exchange their great weapons for two hand weapons.

SPECIAL RULES

Scaly Skin (6+), Swamp Strider, Tail Attack (S5), Ambushers, Cold Blooded & From the Mist.

Cold Blooded: Fimir roll 3D6 for all Leadership tests and discard the highest dice.

From the Mist
(Bound Spell, Power Level equal to 4+ for a unit of three or less Fimir, or 3+ for a unit larger than three. Remains in play):
Fimir travel within a dense mist to conceal their bestial nature, protect themselves from the sun's blinding rays and the sight of the Dark Gods. If this spell is successfully cast then all ranged and melee attacks targeting the Fimir unit suffer an additional -1 to hit modifier and the Fimir unit can force any unit declaring a charge against it to re-roll its charge distance.

Khemric Titan

Beneath the shifting and endless sands of Nehekhara dwell age-old secrets and timeless horrors to freeze the soul of any who dare disturb their slumber, and many are the legends and whispered tales that are gathered about them. Of these one of the most fabled and feared is that of the gigantic scarabs and carrion-beetles said to dwell beneath the sands. While there are those who scoff at stories of scarabs the size of fortress keeps raising up wrathful sandstorms against all who intrude upon the ancient lands of the Tomb Kings of Khemri, there are those few beyond the Lands of the Dead who know that a terrible truth lies behind them. Known to the loremasters of Tilea and the Empire as Khemric Titans, these giant arcane constructs of stone and onyx, bejewelled and enamelled with the wealth and glory of a bygone age, tower above even the dreaded Necrosphinx in size, animated by the mightiest incantations of the fallen glory of the south.

It is unknown how many were fashioned in ancient days, and how many even of those likely few have survived, but it is known they were set to slumber as guardians far away from the funeral armies of their kings of old, set to stand watch over sites of terrible evil and the haunts of foul monsters from the dawning of the world, and there are few forces or creatures able to contest them in battle. The root of their great power stems from the fact they are no mere beast of animate stone, for contained within a Khemric Titan is the resting place of a long dead hero of Khemri, and sometimes, more rarely, an entire dynasty of warrior kin, fallen satraps of the great kings who were heroes while they drew breath, sworn to guard the borders of their lord's domains in death as they were in life. The funerary incantations of these shrines of eternities are lodestones for the winds of magic, gathering and storing their tremendous power there over the years, and when the winds of magic grow tempestuous they flare into life and unbidden by any Liche Priest the Khemric Titans walk.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Khemric Titan	8	2	2	8	8	10	1	Special	10	Monster	1	475

SPECIAL RULES

Always Strikes Last, Scaly Skin (3+), Desert Strider, Fly, Unbreakable, Unstable, Terror, Large Target, Colossal Beast, Shrine of Eternities, Largest of Monsters, Special Attacks & Curse of the Fallen.

Shrine of Eternities: The Shrine of Eternities, in which the resting place of the long-dead lord within the Khemric Titan is located, is swathed with funerary incantations and ritual spells to animate the monolithic creature. The arcane power of a storm of magic fires these ancient spells to life, granting them destructive force on the battlefield.

Once per Magic phase the Khemric Titan can unleash a Bound spell. One of the following may be chosen:

- **The Gaze of Dust**
  Bound Spell (Power Level 5). This is a **magic missile** with a range of 24". It causes a Strength 6 hit which penetrates ranks in the same way as a bolt thrower.

- **Wrath of the Sands**
  Bound Spell (Power Level 3). This is a **hex** spell. Enemies suffer -2 To Hit when shooting and -1 to charge distance rolls while this spell is in effect.

- **Reawakening of Ancient Might**
  Bound Spell (Power Level 3). This is an **augment** spell that the Khemric Titan may only cast on itself. When successfully cast, it restores one wound it previously suffered.

Curse of the Fallen: Should the Khemric Titan be slain it shatters apart, unleashing the potent incantations and magics bound within its frame in a deathly blast of power that can age anything caught in its howling grip to dust in mere seconds. If the Khemric Titan is slain by any means, before removing it from play D6 nearby units are affected (selected from the closest first, with the fallen Khemric Titan's player picking which if units are at equal distance). Roll a D6 for each model in an affected unit. On a roll of a 6 that model is slain regardless of how many wounds it has. Only Ward saves may be taken against this attack.

"I have fought and bled in half a hundred battles,

I have seen good men devoured by the dead in the fens of Sylvania, and watched men bloat and die in the poisonous jungles of the western shores.

I have broke blades with the Norscans when the very skies screamed with fire, and I saw the rat men whisperers slaughter a city in a single night.

But nothing I have seen compares to the nightmares that slept beneath the sands of that gods-forsaken realm."

Sargas Redmantle,
Warlock of the Free Companies of Remas

SPECIAL ATTACKS

Khemric Titans are strange creature-constructs whose inhuman minds perceive and deal with threats in a manner seldom explicable to mortal minds, and have at their disposal a host of means to do so, each more horrific than the last.

In order to determine what happens, each Close Combat phase that the Khemric Titan is in combat, pick a single unit in base contact with the Khemric Titan and roll a D6 on the following table. If the chosen unit is either Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Beasts, a Monster, Monstrous Cavalry or a War Machine (or characters who are mounted on any of the above) add +1 to the result rolled.

D6	Result
1-2	Reaping Blades
3	Flesh-eating Scarabs
4	Breath of Night
5	Devouring Jaws
6	Soul Slaying Hunger

Reaping Blades: *The Khemric Titan lashes out with its massive scythe-bladed forelimbs, cutting through the enemy like a sickle through ripe wheat.*

The Khemric Titan inflicts D6 Strength 8 hits on the enemy.

Flesh-eating Scarabs: *The Khemric Titan unleashes a swarm of flesh-eating scarabs from its jaws. These are capable of stripping the bones of living creatures clean in seconds.*

The Khemric Titan inflicts 3D6 Strength 2 Armour Piercing attacks on the enemy unit.

Breath of Night: *The air around the Khemric Titan is filled with crawling darkness redolent with the chill of the grave, filling mortal souls with panic and terror.*

The Khemric Titan does not attack, but instead automatically wins the combat, ending that phase with the enemy counting as having lost by a Combat Resolution of 2 in the Khemric Titan's favour.

Devouring Jaws: *The Khemric Titan's obsidian and onyx mandibles yawn open to devour an enemy, slamming shut with enough force to shatter stone and crush steel.*

The Khemric Titan's player picks a single model in base contact. That model suffers a single Strength 8 hit which counts as magical and the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Soul Slaying Hunger: *The Khemric Titan releases its most dread power and becomes a howling gate to the realms of the dead, able to suck the souls of the living into the pitch black abyss beyond.*

Resolve this attack as if it were a Breath Weapon using the Flame template*. All affected models must roll a D6 and on a result of a 5+ suffer D6 wounds with no Armour save. This is a magical attack.

**Note this attack may be used more than once in a game.*

Dread Saurian

Of all the reptilian nightmares that inhabit the jungle-shrouded continent of Lustria, Dread Saurians are one of the most feared; an echo of ancient days when huge beasts such as this did battle with the forefathers of the dragons for supremacy. The spiked fins on Dread Saurians' backs brush the top of the Jungle canopy as they move, the massive beasts constantly searching for prey to satisfy their unending hunger. Once found their gigantic, snapping crocodilian jaws can tear apart an adult Stegadon in a welter of blood, the Dread Saurians thrashing and shredding their prey until the jungle around them is coated in red. Immense creatures, larger than the towering Carnosaur, Dread Saurians are few in number and sacred to the Lizardmen, and the fury of each that prowls the fetid jungles is moderated only by the arcane power of the ceremonial armour that bedecks them. Without this precaution even the power of the Slann could not hold their hunger in check.

The trumpeting calls of the Dread Saurians echo through the mosaic-tiled plazas of Lizardmen cities as well as Lustria's deep jungles, the sound summoning their Saurian inhabitants to worship. Retained in certain cities' mountainous temples, these beasts are kept as living shrines to the Old Ones, symbols of their lost glory. Armoured in beaten gold inscribed with prayer and prophecy, the Dread Saurians are kept in lavishly decorated lairs as rich as any king's throne room, but under this finery are layers of old blood and shattered bones, the remains of those fed to them by the Skink priests, torn apart as living sacrifices to the Old Ones. These ceremonial titans bear the most precious relics from the ancient days, items of power left behind by the Old Ones, and the power of these artefacts makes them all but indestructible on the battlefield as they charge forth wreathed in flame or with skin as hard as stone.

When the winds of magic rise and a great storm draws close, the Slann Mage-priests will stir and chant the ancient rituals of binding, shackling the captive Dread Saurians to their will, while their legendary might is coveted by the sorcerers and wizards of the younger races. Let loose upon the battlefield these reptilian monstrosities wreck terrible havoc upon the foe with both their fang-lined jaws and the divine blessing of the Old Ones.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Dread Saurian	7	4	0	8	7	6	3	6	6	Monster	1	450

OPTIONS

- **Tepok's Crystalline Eye** ..... **75 points**
  It is said that the Slann Mage-priest Tepok was at one with the spirits of the Lost Age, and was able to call forth the souls of fallen defenders of the Old Ones' legacy to do his will. A Dread Saurian bearing the crystal known as the Eye of Tepok gains the Ethereal special rule.

- **The Blazing Configuration of Chotec** ..... **35 points**
  Its armour decorated with the glyphs of the Blazing Configuration of Chotec, the Dread Saurian gains the Flaming Attacks special rule and causes 2D6 Strength 3 Flaming Impact Hits.

- **The Golden Shroud of Tlazcotl** ..... **35 points**
  An aura of blinding golden light surrounds a Dread Saurian bearing Tlazcotl's shroud. All attacks targeting the Dread Saurian suffer a -1 To Hit modifier. In addition all models which are considered Daemonic or Undead in base contact with the Dread Saurian gain the Always Strikes Last special rule.

- **Quetzl's Flawless Heartstone** ..... **35 points**
  A Dread Saurian harnessed to the huge stone disc bearing Quetzl's glyph takes on the aspect of the guardian, its skin hardening like stone and becoming itself more ponderous and resolute. The Dread Saurian gains the Unbreakable special rule and reduces its Movement rate to 5, but increases its Toughness to 8.

- **The Shadow Rebus of Huanchi** ..... **25 points**
  Surrounded by flowing shadows, a Dread Saurian displaying the markings of Huanchi's Shadow Rebus gains the Ambusher deployment special rule and the Swiftstride special rule. Models firing at it as part of a stand & shoot charge reaction must re-roll successful hits.

SPECIAL RULES

Multiple Wounds (D3), Rending Jaws, Cold Blooded, Panoply of the Ages, Terror & Swamp Strider.

Rending Jaws: The Dread Saurian has a single Chomp attack with the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Cold Blooded: The Dread Saurian rolls 3D6 for all Leadership tests, discarding the highest dice.

Panoply of the Ages: Bedecked in ancient ceremonial armour fused to its hardened scales, the Dread Saurian has a total armour save of 3+.

Rogue Idol of Gork (or possibly Mork)

Crushing armoured knights, city walls and just about anything else that gets in their way with their brutal fists, Rogue Idols of Gork are the living embodiment of the spirit of the Waaagh!, gigantic stone and scrap effigies built in the shape of the greenskin gods and animated with their arcane power. Arrows and broadswords break and shatter on their rock bodies as they smash a brutal path of destruction through an army, near impervious to the blows being rained upon them, lacking muscle and sinew to damage or blood to spill.

Crudely fashioned from heaped stones and battlefield debris, they are unmentionably fetid and daubed with obscene glyphs and slogans. Some are no taller than a chapel door, the Orcs being too eager to fight to devote much time to building them, but when enough greenskin tribes gather to create a Waaagh!, as the mightiest of Orc armies are known, the idols can grow to immense proportions as if one of the greenskin gods themselves has come to watch the carnage their boyz are about to unleash. In war Rogue Idols of Gork loom over almost everything, striding implacably forwards with limbs the size of tree trunks and a malevolent grin on their leering faces. Needing neither food nor rest they do not tire but just carry on, butchering first one unit and then stomping off to smash apart the next one, and then the next one and so on until the army is either utterly destroyed or its warriors have fled.

Such is the erratic nature of these monsters and the fickle power that animates them, that although created by the power of Orc Shamans their control over them is tenuous at best, and they often rampage where they will, collapsing when the magic that animates them wanes, only to reassemble themselves again as the winds of magic gather once more to storm force, sometimes years or even centuries later. At such times often the only way for a marauding Rogue Idol to be stopped is for a powerful wizard to bind the creature, but without a battle to unleash its fury upon, his hold upon it is a treacherous one at best.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Rock Pile	6	3	0	7	6	6	2	3	8	Monster	1	200
Rogue Idol	7	4	0	8	7	8	2	4	10	Monster	1	400
Great Idol	8	4	0	9	8	10	1	6	10	Monster	1	600

SPECIAL RULES

Large Target, Stubborn, Terror, Killing Blow, Scaly Skin (2+), Impact Hits (D6 – Rock Pile; D6+3 – Rogue Idol; 2D6 – Great Idol), Largest of Monsters (Great Idol only), Colossal Beast (Great Idol only) & Da Big Un.

Da Big Un: A Rogue Idol of Gork (or possibly Mork!) is the personification of the spirit of the Waaagh! Imbued with so much potent Orcish power, the rocks and stone, detritus and old scrap that makes up a Rogue Idol's body is animated into a bestial likeness of a mighty Orc warrior, both in behaviour and savagery.

If it is possible for a Rogue Idol to charge an enemy it must do so (however if multiple targets are within charge range, its player may pick which to attack).

At the start of any turn that a Rogue Idol is not able to charge or is not already in combat, its player must roll a D6. On a roll of a '1' it must charge a friendly unit if one is available to charge (and a single round of combat is fought as normal) or if no friendly units are available the Rogue Idol bellows and stomps, but otherwise may do nothing this turn.

"By order of Theodemar Untrich, General of the armies of Wissenland,
All Imperial soldiers are to consider it their solemn duty not only to
slaughter the Orc when encountered, but also to topple all Orcish statuary, lest
we leave a worse threat behind us.
Any soldiers found in violation of this order will be executed."

Standing order of the Army of Wissenland
whilst campaigning in Black Fire Pass

Skin Wolves

Many are the foul cults of Chaos, and many are the dark horrors of twisted flesh and nightmares made real that the Ruinous Powers have visited upon the world; few though are as strange as the Skin Wolves of legend. In the far north among those who dwell in the shadow of Chaos, be they Norscan, Kurgan or Hung, as well as the shunned corners of the world where degenerates root and fester such as the Bone Hills of Estalia or the dire fens south of the Badlands, myths and bloody tales speak of the Skin Wolves. Witch-cursed and Chaos-tainted, these men and women, half feral and subject to savage appetites, carry within them a taint in the blood, a mutation that shows not readily as stigmata on their flesh, but slumbers within, a beast waiting to be unleashed by blood and unspeakable ritual.

When this horror is released, no mere transformation of man into beast is effected. Instead the humanoid wolf-thing, lean and half-insane with insatiable hunger, rips its way fully formed from the body of the man, which is left little more than shredded flaps of skin and chunks of bloody gristle by the freeing of the monster. It is these clinging shrouds of skin that give the beasts their common name. These frenzied creatures, whose packs are formed by kinship ties of bloodline and slaughter, care not what they kill in their bloodlust and bear no loyalty to any master, save the Dark Gods themselves. So it is that only the most unscrupulous Wizard would seek to bind them to their will by Kadon's magic, and some that have done so have had cause to lament their choice of ally. Only once battle is spent and a Skin Wolf has glutted itself on the raw and dripping gore of its enemies will the terrible transformation be reversed and the bubbling and overworked flesh of the Skin Wolf collapse, then like a newborn the human must tear its way out of the monster it once was.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Skin Wolf	7	5	0	4	4	3	5	2	7	Monstrous Infantry	3-15	45 per model

SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Regeneration (5+) & Frenzy.

EQUIPMENT

Claws and Fangs (Hand Weapon)

OPTIONS

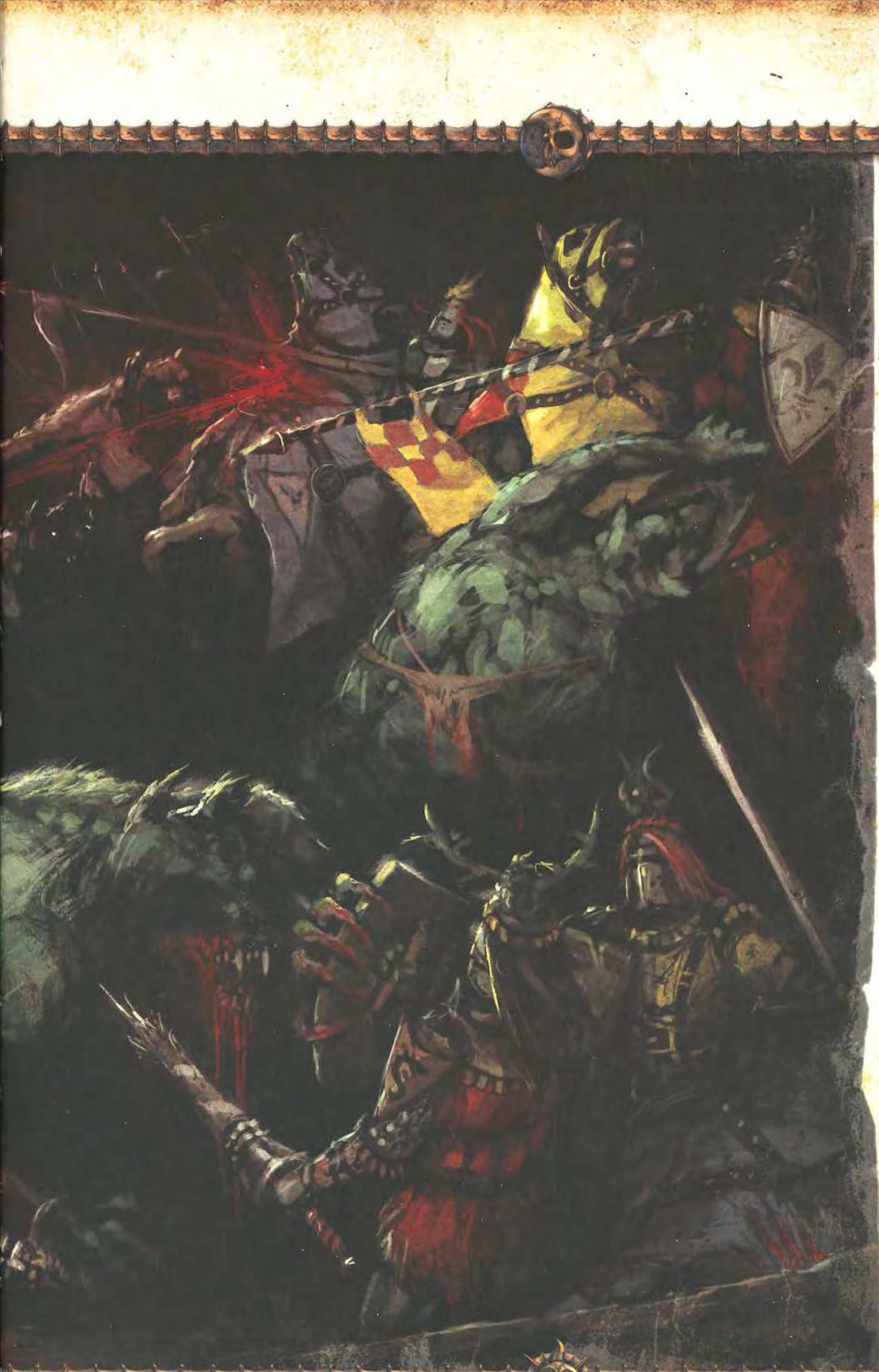
A unit of Skin Wolves may carry the favour of one of the Chaos gods. A unit may take one upgrade from the following options:

- **Mark of Khorne:** ..... **5 points each**
  The unit's models gain +1 Strength.

- **Mark of Tzeentch:** ..... **5 points each**
  The unit's Regeneration increases to (4+).

- **Mark of Nurgle:** ..... **2 points each**
  The unit's attacks gain the Poisoned special rule.

- **Mark of Slaanesh:** ..... **10 points each**
  The unit's models gain the Always Strikes First special rule.



The Doom of Duke Belogne

Shard Dragon

Deep beneath the mountains of the Old World dwell the creatures known to myth as Shard Dragons. Enormous serpentine beasts, Shard Dragons prowl the black depths of the world, stalking their prey in the abject darkness, pulling themselves silently over rock and shale on disturbingly prehensile, sickle-clawed arms. Their pale flesh is covered by long jagged scales, each razor-edged and wickedly pointed. Coated in blood and decaying viscera, these protective plates are as much a weapon as a defence, slicing flesh and puncturing the armour of those foolish enough to confront such creatures in battle.

These subterranean terrors are renowned amongst the Dwarfs for their stubborn, unyielding ferocity, and against their bestial kind are many entries in the great Books of Grudges lodged. Shard Dragons will attack almost anything they encounter, from the hulking white-bloated fungoid slugs that swim the lightless seas of the under-earth, to the heavily armed Dwarf mining crews that brave the deeps in search of gromril, and lay waste to all. If any Shard Dragons manage to break into the subterranean domains found closer to the surface – be they of Dwarfs, Skaven or Goblin construction – they will reave bloody murder and glut themselves on flesh until slain or they slink back into the depths, their bellies full.

Creatures as much living nightmare as bestial predator, there are those loremasters that claim that Shard Dragons are not 'true dragons' as such, but the devolved remains of some draconic offshoot that migrated into the dark heart of the world. Untold centuries in the lightless umbra have filled them with malign power and distorted their forms, and some are now venomous enough that they burn the very rock beneath them, while others are able to exhale the vaporous essence of soul-destroying terror to silently slay their prey, and should they be overmatched and injured the Shard Dragon will explode into a murderous rage that few creatures can survive.

It was the Dwarfs that first returned these creatures to the light of the sun, having learned to bind Shard Dragons with powerful runic collars and turning them upon their foes to rend and tear. Learning of their power ambitious wizards, now long dead, soon created binding scrolls so that they too could harness the Shard Dragons' strength.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit Size	Points
Shard Dragon	5	4	3	6	7	6	3	D6	8	Monster	1	350

SPECIAL RULES

Terror, Scaly Skin (2+), Stubborn, Wall Crawler, Razor Scales Rabid Frenzy, Armour Piercing & Large Target.

Razor Scales: Each successful save made by the Shard Dragon in close combat inflicts one Strength 4 hit on the unit which caused the wound.

Rabid Frenzy: When the Shard Dragon takes its first unsaved wound it gains the Rabid Frenzy special rule. Unlike standard Frenzy, Rabid Frenzy increases the Shard Dragon's attacks to 2D6 in each Close Combat phase. This Frenzy cannot be lost and remains in effect until the Shard Dragon is killed.

OPTIONS

- **Breath of Nightmares** ..... **20 points**
  Some Shard Dragons can expel a fog that induces visions so terrifying they can stop a heart beating. The Shard Dragon gains a Strength 10 Breath Weapon that rolls to wound against Leadership rather than Toughness. In addition, wounds caused by this breath weapon ignore armour saves.

- **Rock Burner** ..... **20 points**
  The Shard Dragon exudes a venom so potent that it burns the very stone around it. The Shard Dragon gains the Poisoned Attacks special rule and also gains D3 Impact hits.

- **Runic Collar** ..... **10 points**
  Dwarf legend holds tales of when their most ancient and powerful masters of lore bound these fearsome creatures with great rune-studded collars, allowing them to be directed at a foe. The Shard Dragon gains Magic Resistance (2).

- **Gromril-hard Scales** ..... **20 points**
  Over many ages the razor-sharp scales of some of the most powerful Shard Dragons harden to preternatural toughness. The Shard Dragon gains a 5+ Ward save.

From Gustav Juablhiemer's Histories of the Northern Lands, Vol XIV

Lured landwards by the stench of rotting flesh that pervaded the air during an outbreak of Hangfinger's Pox in Nordland in 1230, the ferocious attacks of a grotesque Merwyrm along its northern coastline quickly earned the monster a place in the legends of that province. Having found a bountiful supply of meat in the plague-ridden fishing villages, the Beast of Nordland, as it became known, plunged the northern coast of the province into terror for weeks before it succumbed to a fate worse than even itself one dark and stormy night.

Breaking the surface of the Sea of Claws close to Massenfels' harbour, the Beast made short work of the village's meagre fishing fleet, leaving little of its dozen ships save for gory flotsam. Driven onwards in search of more man-flesh, the Beast then swam straight for the shoreline and the ramshackle collection of hovels that clustered upon it.

As the Merwyrm's thunderous roars grew closer, the terrified villagers raced for the shelter of an ancient stone tower that stood further along the shore. But when they neared it all stopped dead in their tracks, paralysed with fear at the horror that awaited them there. For on its uppermost point stood none other than the scourge of that province, the Doomlord Dieter Helsnicht himself.

Before any of the villagers could regain their senses the Merwyrm was upon them, hungrily devouring all it could snap up in its massive jaws, oblivious to the actions of the Necromancer above it. As the ravenous creature gorged itself, the Doomlord raised his arms up to the sky and cried out a blasphemous incantation, and drawing upon the power of the storm of magic that raged above him sent an azure-hued bolt of lighting crashing down into a massive totem built of flesh and bone on the beach below him.

Without warning the Necromancer's fetid creation, a Necrofex Colossus, stood up, its massive hands quickly seizing the Beast in an iron grip. Enraged the Merwyrm turned on it in an instant, sinking its poison-slicked fangs deep into the cadaver giant's leg. Atop the leviathan the enthralled Empire Wizard Helsnicht had trapped into its head as a focus for his dark sorceries showed no sign of fear as the beast tore a massive chunk out of the giant's thigh before sinking its fangs straight in again. Instead the Necrofex simply reached down and sticking its fingers deep into the monster's snout, wrenched apart the Merwyrm's snarling maw before flinging the writhing monster into the side of the watchtower with bone snapping force.

Protected by its thick scales, the blow merely winded the mighty beast and recovering quickly it leapt upon Helsnicht's macabre creation, its blood-stained claws tearing wildly at the roughly stitched cadavers. As it did so the mass of dark souls swirling about the murderous giant arose from their host and swarmed over it, futilely trying to protect their once mortal remains.

Long and furious was the battle fought between the two leviathans, the Doomlord's cadaver-giant punching blow after blow into the Merwyrm, the beast lashing out in return with its powerful tail. It was only as the first glimmers of the dawn flickered on the horizon that the Merwyrm finally brought the Necrofex Colossus crashing to its knees. The Beast of Nordland was upon it in a flash, wrapping its serpentine body around the toppled giant. Curling tighter and tighter, the frame of sturdy oaks snapped like twigs, shards of them piercing the heart of the Wizard trapped within it. With the Wizard's death Helsnicht's control of the undead bound within the Necrofex Colossus was instantly lost and they furiously tore each other apart, the souls swirling around the remains of the cadaver-giant screaming out their fury as the Merwyrm descended on the veritable feast of rotted flesh before it.

Its gory banquet was to be swiftly cut short though as a strange sound drew its attention. Standing before it was the Doomlord, his eyes lit with an azure glow as he whispered words he'd read upon an age-tattered scroll he'd found whilst travelling amongst the Border Princes where the sorcerer Kadon had once roamed. Enthralled by his words the Beast of Nordland quickly succumbed to Helsnicht's will, and with total obedience followed the Necromancer as he walked into the darkness of the Forest of Shadows, another addition to the army the Doomlord was gathering for the battles soon to come.

Merwyrm

Merwyrms are one of the most ancient creatures to be found in the Old World, a distant kin to the mighty winged Dragons that once ruled the skies. Loremasters believe that once their scaled forms swarmed in the primordial oceans of the Old World, but now they are rarely heard of save in the tales of embittered sailors who claim to have lost ships and crewmates to these beasts.

All Merwyrms possess long, almost serpentine and sinuous bodies, covered in scales and corded with muscle, with four stubby limbs each tipped with razor-sharp claws. Unlike Dragons the more primitive Merwyrms do not possess wings, the lashing of their bodies serving to propel them through the deeps at great speed or with frightening gait across dry ground when their hunger takes them there to pursue prey, much to the dismay of any who believe they might be easily escaped by taking to the land. Merwyrms are also hardy and adaptable creatures, their bodies healing at a tremendous rate, fuelling their never ending hunger and endless search for food.

Merwyrms are most commonly found in the dangerous coastal waters of the Sea of Claws, and are bright silver-green and highly venomous. When food is scarce they have been known to assault coastal villages, devouring the inhabitants, but other rarer sub-breeds are known to exist such as the albino Pagowyrm which dwells in the frigid seas of Naggaroth, and the legendary black Sciowyrms found only the deepest ocean trenches. Masters of the primordial darkness that surrounds them in the deeps, they are said to be one of the few creatures that dares to hunt the mighty Kraken.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
Merwyrm	6	6	0	6	6	5	4	5	7	Monster	1	235
Pagowyrm	6	5	0	6	6	6	3	4	8	Monster	1	285
Sciowyrm	6	7	0	7	7	7	2	7	9	Monster	1	390

SPECIAL RULES (ALL)

Terror, Scaly Skin (3+), Regenerate (5+), Sea Creature, Powerful Tail, Enfeebling Cold & Abyssal Cloak.

SPECIAL RULES (MERWYRM)

Poisonous Attacks

SPECIAL RULES (PAGOWYRM)

Enfeebling Cold

SPECIAL RULES (SCIOWYRM)

Abyssal Cloak

Powerful Tail: The Merwyrm's mighty tail powers it through the ocean, and on land it serves as a powerful weapon able to snap the bones of mighty beasts and shatter castle walls. This is a single Tail attack taken at the Merwyrm's Strength +2.

Enfeebling Cold: The ocean's chill follows the Pagowyrm onto the field of battle. Units attempting to charge the Pagowyrm subtract -2" from their charge distance. Also, enemy units in contact with the Pagowyrm subtract -1 from their Strength.

Abyssal Cloak: Crushing darkness surrounds the Sciowyrm in battle. All ranged attacks against the Sciowyrm are made at -2 to hit, and all enemy units in base contact with it suffer a -2 modifier to their Leadership value if subject to psychology.

Preyton

Preytons are a savage and hateful breed of creature that haunts the forested lands of Bretonnia. So renowned is their ferocity that sightings of Preytons will draw knights from many miles around, seeking to prove their valour by slaying the beasts.

Mighty and winged creatures of Chaos, hybrid in form like the Chimera, Preytons bear upon their vaguely equine heads a pair of blackened and serrated antlers, which have caused foolhardy knights to mistake them for majestic Great Stags, much to their error. The beasts, possessed of a dark cunning, will lure such knights into the depths of the forest before revealing their blood red eyes and rows of savage fangs when they leap forth from ambush to rend and tear their prey. The hides of Preytons are torn and mutilated, their fur hanging lank and in many places sloughed away to be replaced by ragged feathers or scales. Their forelegs and body resemble a dark and twisted stag, while their hindquarters sprout clawed, leonine paws and monstrous wings like those of a terrible black eagle.

Whilst their appearance is truly vile, it is the legendary malice of the Preytons that makes them truly dangerous. Corpses mauled beyond recognition and stretches of forest befouled and trampled betray their presence. Anything foolish enough to enter such an area will be hunted down and slain, and often the Preytons will simply discard the torn corpse to rot, killing out of pure hatred rather than hunger.

Dark legend has it that this terrible hatred was born long ago when Beastmen shaman created them in horrific rituals, corrupting Great Stags before sacrifice-strewn Herdstones. Bereft of their once noble nature Preytons now know only an all-encompassing hatred for that which they have lost, driving them to rend and kill with terrible malice. Even their own wounds bring them a twisted sense of satisfaction; instinctively realising that only in death will their torment end.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Preyton	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	6	Monster	1	165

OPTIONS

- **Insane Bloodlust** ..... **10 points**
  The Preyton's boundless hate drives it into a fury in combat. The Preyton gains the Frenzy special rule.

- **Forest Stalker** ..... **20 points**
  Many Preyton have become adept hunters in their forested killing grounds. The Preyton gains the Ambush deployment rule and Foreststrider special rule.

- **Filth Encrusted Scales** ..... **10 points**
  The Preyton gains a 5+ Scaly Skin save.

SPECIAL RULES

Impact hits (D3), Fly, Consuming Hatred, Endless Malice, Terror & Hatred.

Consuming Hatred: The Preyton despises itself almost as much as its foe. Any wounds it suffers during close combat are included in its player's own Combat result score as well that of their opponent's.

Endless Malice: Should a Preyton be on the winning side of a close combat then in order to pursue its foe it must first pass a Leadership test. If this test is failed then it will not pursue and instead remains stationary whilst it rends and tears at the fallen. Enemy units within 10" and with a valid line of sight to the Preyton must take a Panic test in the face of the beast's horrific display.

Entry 286

Sir Merovech of Couronne, Questing Knight; Known as 'Merovech the Black' after the bloody Estalian Chevauchee of the year 1538:
—Sable, a Preyton Segreant, argent and flaunches gules.
Use of the Preyton as a heraldric charge allowed despite its debased nature with the example of Sir Corbus's arms bearing a Preyton rampant, matriculated in 876.

Extracted from -
An Ordinary of Arms containing a Register of Arms and Bearings of Bretonnia

Arcane Phoenix

Arcane Phoenix are majestic and fearsome creatures with wingspans as great as any of the mighty war-eagles of the High Elves. They are cloaked in blazing feathers that can turn the sharpest arrow, their true power bound to their nature as a creature of spirit and fire, for they are a living embodiment of the destructive and purging Wind of Aqshy. Flames dance across their pinions to sear their prey when they attack, a long pair of feathered tails leaving a spray of blazing sparks and embers in their wake as they swoop across the battlefield. It is this nimbus of flame that constantly surrounds the Arcane Phoenix and betrays its otherworldly heritage.

Arcane Phoenix are creatures of myth and legend, known to the ancient legends of Men and Elves alike, but it is to the High Elves of Ulthuan they hold the greatest significance. In their lore Arcane Phoenix are the companions of Asuryan the Creator, harbingers of woe and bearers of hope in equal measure, drawn from Asuryan's side when the winds of magic howl through the world of mortals in mighty storms, and in distant mist-shrouded Ulthuan the High Elves are forewarned of the coming of these magical tempests by the sudden manifestation of Arcane Phoenix in the skies above their island home. To them they are a disturbing omen; a symbol of destruction soon to come as well as the hope of rebirth. Their arrival can only mean that strife will once again be visited upon them, but also that those that survive will be stronger than before. Wizards go to great lengths to bind Arcane Phoenix when they appear; both to command their power as well as to keep their destructive wrath from the control of their enemies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop type	Unit Size	Points
Arcane Phoenix	2	5	0	4	5	5	5	4	9	Monster	1	205

OPTIONS

- **Cleansing Flames** ..... **15 points**
  The Phoenix's flames are deadliest when focussed upon the enemies of its master, Asuryan. All attacks, including Emberstorm attacks, against models with the Daemonic and Undead rules gain +1S and count as magical attacks.

- **Omen of Hope** ..... **25 points**
  The mere sight of a Phoenix lifts the spirits of the High Elves when darkness looms. When included in a High Elf army the Phoenix has the Hold Your Ground! special rule normally applied to Battle Standard Bearers (see page 107 of the *Warhammer* rulebook).

- **Omen of Sacrifice** ..... **25 points**
  The Phoenix drives the otherwise stoic High Elves into a suicidal fury. All High Elf units within 10" of the Phoenix during the Close Combat phase gain the Frenzy special rule for that phase, but take D6 S3 hits after combat results have been determined.

- **Blessings of Asuryan** ..... **15 points**
  The Phoenix bears with it the blessings of the most powerful of the Elven gods, Asuryan the Creator. The Phoenix gains the Always Strikes First special rule.

SPECIAL RULES

Flaming Attacks, Fly, Unstable, Emberstorm, Plumage of Flames, Fiery Rebirth, Unbreakable & Terror.

Emberstorm: During the Movement phase, instead of moving normally or declaring a charge, the Phoenix may declare an Emberstorm attack. Draw a straight line up to 18" in length. Each model in the way of this line (determined as for a bouncing cannonball) suffers a Strength 5 Flaming hit. After these hits are resolved place the Phoenix at the line's end point. If this leaves the Phoenix in contact with an enemy unit then place the Phoenix in combat with the unit, using the line along which it moved to determine which facing of the enemy unit the Phoenix is attacking. If the Phoenix ends an Emberstorm attack in combat with an enemy unit then it is treated as having charged that unit.

Plumage of Flames: All non-magical attacks suffer a -1 penalty To Wound the Phoenix, and in addition models that begin the Close Combat phase in base contact with the Phoenix take a single Strength 4 Flaming hit. The Phoenix itself is immune to all Flaming attacks.

Fiery Rebirth: If the Phoenix is slain in combat or destroyed owing to its Unstable special rule, roll a D6. On a result of a 5+ the Phoenix remains in play with a single wound and every model in base contact suffers a Strength 5 Flaming hit.

Warpfire Dragon

Thankfully a rare sight in the Old World, Warpfire Dragons are hateful and ruinous creatures. Their long, charred-black bodies twist and undulate, throwing off disturbing patterns of baleful fire as they move, never still, constantly twitching and shuddering as if tortured eternally by unseen blades. Clusters of strange crystals mar their scaled skins and each individual hosts its own affliction and minor deformities of limb and hue hinting at their exotic and corrupt origins. The very air around Warpfire Dragons throbs with tainted power, shrivelling plants and burning the very ground their claws touch. When brought to battle the energy caged within Warpfire Dragons works upon those foes foolish enough to close with them, leaving each a burning carcass in its wake. When unleashed its breath is like no other Dragon's, a coruscating blast of scintillating red-black lightning that burns their victims in all-consuming flames, scorching even spirits and creatures of magic.

Warpfire Dragons fuel their destructive powers and maintain their tortured bodies by devouring pure warpstone, turning their bodies into vast vessels of arcane power. Only the mighty constitution of a Dragon could withstand the effect of so much concentrated energy and Chaotic taint without ripping itself to pieces; although upon their violent death the loss of control often leads to a spectacular and explosive end to these Dragons' marauding. The scarcity of warpstone in the Old World frequently leads the Warpfire Dragons into conflict with the Skaven, assaulting their fortresses and digging out their burrows to get to their hoards of the tainted stone, although some will seek out the inhabitants of the Chaos Wastes or the dark holdfasts of the restless dead in search of prey, or at least to devour creatures themselves tainted with foul magics to sustain them. It is also by the promise of this most powerful and most malignant of materials — warpstone — that insane and arrogant Wizards bargain with Warpfire Dragons for their might in battle, for it is said these beasts are too quixotic and factious even for the great binding scrolls to alone contain, while their strange hunger to some points to their true origin–the blasted Southern Wastes of Chaos, a region legendarily inhabited by Daemons and littered with the warpstone laden debris of Morrsleib's birth.

No Warpfire Dragon has ever been sighted (by any that have survived) that rivals the great size of the Old World's Emperor Dragons, though such monstrous creatures may exist somewhere in the trackless and unknown southern wastes, while the myths of far Cathay hold tales of 'daemon-dragons' of the south, which may be one-and-the-same to them. Some scholars theorise that some blasted region far away from the sight and knowledge of Man may be dominated by these great wyrms, grown to such massive proportions on the glut of unharvested warpstone there that they rival legendary Kalgalanos the Black in size. If this were true it would explain why many of the younger Warpfire Dragons make the long and arduous migration to the Old World, escaping a land ruled by these terrifyingly powerful creatures.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop type	Unit Size	Points
Young Warpfire Dragon	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7	Monster	1	285
Warpfire Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	6	3	5	8	Monster	1	350
Great Warpfire Dragon	6	7	0	7	7	7	2	6	9	Monster	1	440

SPECIAL RULES

Fly, Scaly Skin (3+), Terror, Enchanted Attacks, Warpfire Aura, Explosive Demise, Warpfire Blast, Large Target & Regeneration (6+).

Warpfire Aura: A Warpfire Dragon exudes a baleful radiation that can kill by mere proximity, and distorts and deranges the flow of the winds of magic in its vicinity. At the beginning of each Close Combat phase every model (friend or foe) within 3" of the Warpfire Dragon must pass a Strength test or suffer a single wound. No Armour saves may be taken against this. A Warpfire Dragon also gains a 4+ Ward save against weapons that have the Warpstone Weapon rule, and in addition any magic spell directed against them will miscast on any roll of a double '1' in addition to failing, as well as the usual double '6' (which also results in Irresistible Force).

Explosive Demise: When a Warpfire Dragon loses its final wound and is removed from the table, all models (friend or foe) within 2D6" are engulfed in a blast of magical energy. These models suffer a wound on a 4+ from the death of a Young Warpfire Dragon, 3+ from a Warpfire Dragon and 2+ from a Great Warpfire Dragon. Armour saves are taken as normal against these wounds.

Enchanted Attacks: A Warpfire Dragon's close combat attacks are magical.

Warpfire Blast: The boundless destructive energies of a Warpfire Dragon enable it to unleash potent blasts of hellish power. This is a shooting attack (rather than a standard Breath weapon) and uses one of the following profiles based on the Warpfire Dragon's age. The blast uses the round 3" template, which may be placed anywhere within range and line of sight of the Dragon. Roll the Artillery dice and Scatter dice to resolve where the blast lands. If a misfire is rolled, the blast fails and the Warpfire Dragon suffers D3 wounds with no armour save allowed.

	Range	Strength	Special
Young Warpfire Dragon	6"-24"	3(5)	Multiple Wounds (D3)*
Warpfire Dragon	6"-24"	4(6)	Multiple Wounds (D3)*
Great Warpfire Dragon	6"-24"	5(7)	Multiple Wounds (D3)*

**Against models with the Ethereal special rule or that are classed as Daemons or Undead, this increases to Multiple Wounds (D6).*

Magic: Some of the most ancient Warpfire Dragons are mighty Wizards in their own right. They can have up to 4 Wizard levels at a cost of 35 points per level, choosing from Dark Magic spells.

Magma Dragon

Primordial and vicious creatures, Magma Dragons are amongst the most malignant and reclusive of their kind, squat, heavily armoured monsters whose bodies radiate foul heat and whose obsidian claws can split stone with ease. They dwell in the volcanic ranges of the Dark Lands and the shattered, smouldering peaks of the Blackspine Mountains, and have long become one with their fiery environment, venturing forth from their smoke-filled dens only to hunt. Their favoured prey is great beasts such as Manticore and Chimera, although they will deign to devour the flesh of lesser creatures such as Elves and Men if they must. Only when the storms of magic rage, or they arrogantly wish to avenge themselves on some perceived slight, do Magma Dragons come forth to slay and destroy.

One such Magma Dragon was Hagdar, scourge of the Dark Lands, who is one of the oldest Dragons to exist in that desolate and polluted wasteland. Once a Fire Dragon, he was taken captive many centuries ago by the Chaos Dwarfs of the Tower of Gorgoth. Binding him securely with chains made from ensorcelled iron, the Sorcerer Lords turned him into a living vessel capable of sustaining possession by a Daemon, their experiments undoubtedly a forerunner to those that would eventually create the Chaos Dwarf K'daai. Hagdar eventually escaped his bounds and wreaked a terrible vengeance upon the Chaos Dwarfs, destroying much of the Tower of Gorgoth and its surrounding slave encampment in a ferocious assault.

The Magma Dragon is rarely seen now, and only ventures forth from his lair below the Ash Ridge Mountains when challenged by some rival beast or summoned to war by mighty wizards. When he does fly forth, the Chaos Dwarf patrols who keep a wary eye on him have observed that his once white hot flesh is now turning in places to grey, lifeless stone. It will be many years before the terrible curse he shares with the sorcerers of that dark race subsumes Hagdar completely, and until then the massive slave caravans replenishing Gorgoth's still depleted work force continue to stay well clear of his lair.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop type	Unit Size	Points
Young Magma Dragon	6	5	0	5	6	5	4	4	7	Monster	1	275
Magma Dragon	6	6	0	6	7	6	3	5	8	Monster	1	335
Great Magma Dragon	6	7	0	7	8	7	2	6	9	Monster	1	420
Emperor Magma Dragon	8	8	0	10	9	9	1	8	10	Monster	1	690

SPECIAL RULES

Fly, Large Target, Immune to Psychology, Terror, Scaly Skin (4+), Regeneration (5+), Aura of Heat, Brimstone Fire & Largest of Monsters (Emperor Magma Dragon only).

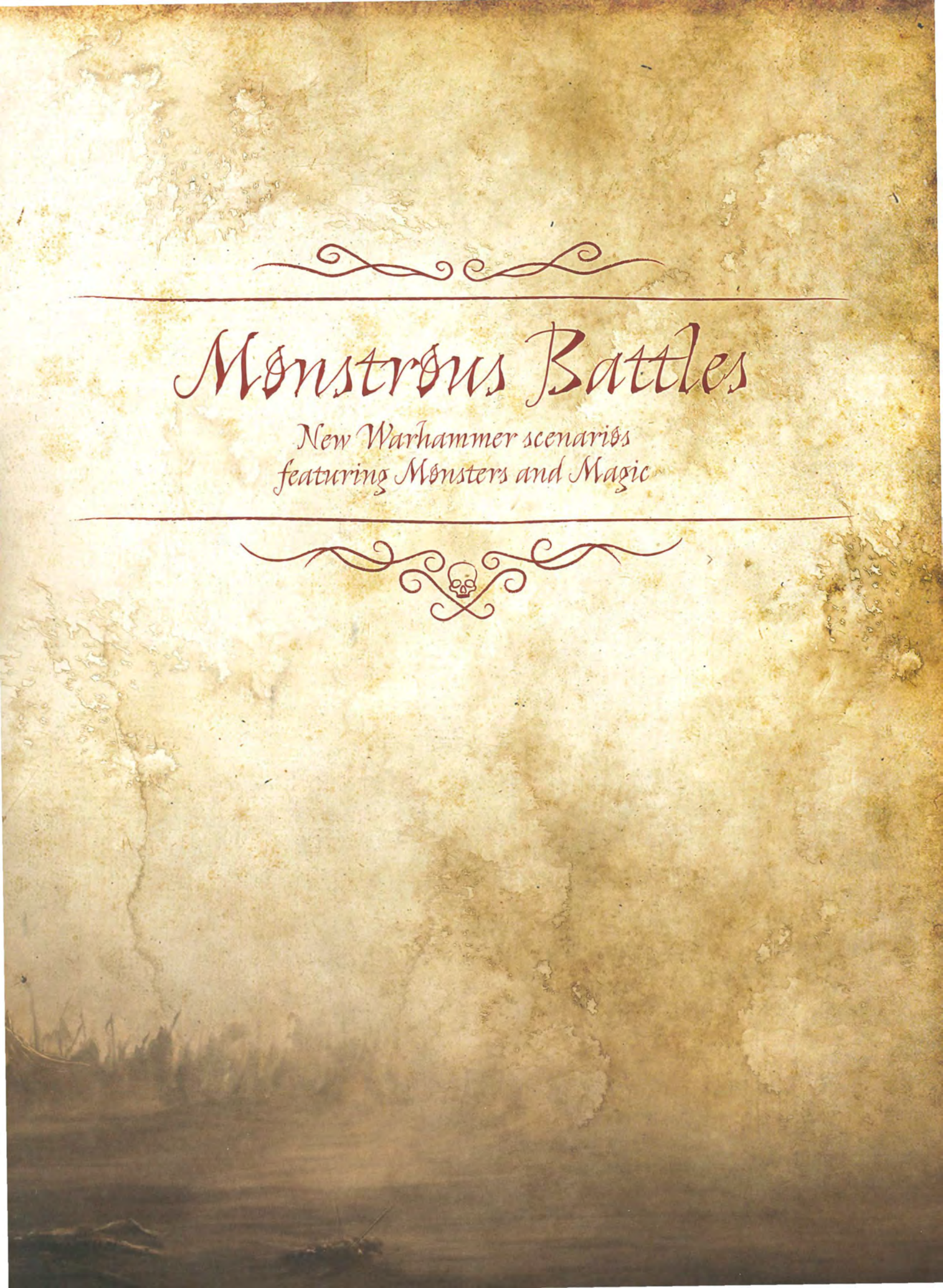
Aura of Heat: Magma Dragons are creatures of raging volcanic fury and primordial power made flesh. They have a 2+ Ward save against flaming attacks and non-magical attacks directed against them have their Strength reduced by -1.

"...As once was, all shall be again,
Where they once ruled, they shall rule again,
When older gods than ours wake to war;
With the four Great Ruins as before,
Man, Dwarf, Elf and Beast,
Shall be but tatters of their Feast..."

The Red Book of Strigoi

Brimstone Fire: Magma Dragons breathe a sulphurous poisoned flame that inflicts horrific injuries and is said to be among the most powerful of all Dragons' deadly exhalations, blinding and burning the great beasts that are often their prey. This breath weapon is equal in Strength to the Strength of the Magma Dragon and in addition any model wounded but not slain must pass a Toughness test or permanently lose -1 from its Toughness and Initiative scores.

Magic (Emperor Dragon): Some of the most ancient Magma Dragons are mighty Wizards in their own right. An Emperor Magma Dragon can have up to 4 Wizard levels at a cost of 35 points per level. It may choose spells from the Lore of Fire.



Monstrous Battles

New Warhammer scenarios featuring Monsters and Magic

Monstrous Confrontation

Given the power and ferocity of the many monsters that inhabit the dark corners of the world, it is unsurprising that all the warring factions of the Warhammer world bind such creatures to their control. When the storms of magic thunder it is not just by force of arms and arcane will, but by the ferocity of their monstrous thralls that armies succeed.

THE ARMIES

Both players select armies up to an agreed points value from their chosen Warhammer Armies book as normal, and may both purchase Binding Scrolls up to a value of 25% of the total army value (for example, a 1,000 point army would have an additional 250 points to use to purchase Binding Scrolls).

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up a selection of terrain on a 6' x 4' table as described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

DEPLOYMENT

Both players should deploy their armies using the Alternate Deployment rules from page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

FIRST TURN

Roll off after deployment to see which player takes the first turn. The player that finished deploying their army first adds +1 to their roll.

GAME LENGTH

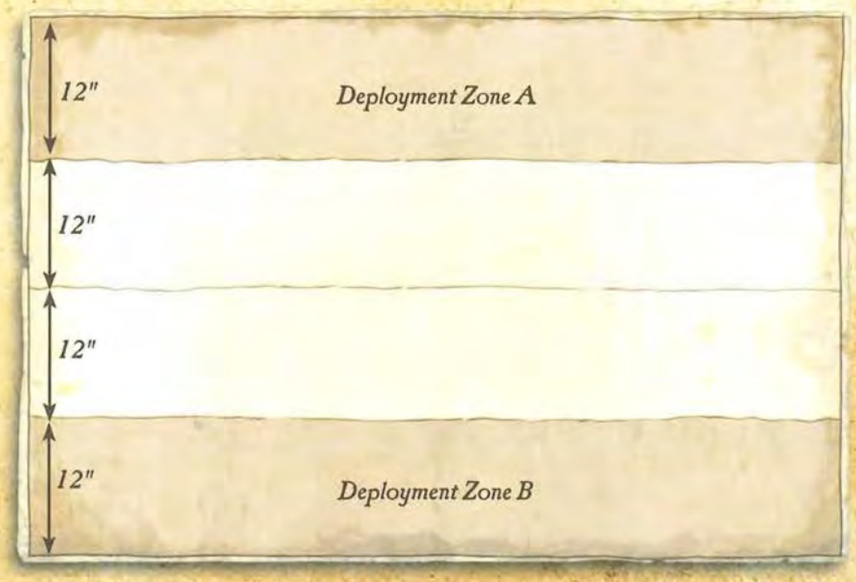
The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Use Victory points to decide the winner of the game, using the rules from page 143 of the *Warhammer* rulebook to do so.

SPECIAL RULES

If both players agree then the Binding Scroll allowance for the game can be increased from 25% to 50%. For games involving grand armies you could increase this even further, as long as both players agree.



The Quest

When titanic monsters rampage out from the wilds and savage the civilised lands of the Old World, heroes must step forward to defend their people. In such times those brave enough to confront monsters, and the lesser creatures that follow in their wake, seek out artefacts of power that are interred in the earth or hidden away in dank tombs. For only with such legendary armaments can they hope to stand against the gargantuan terrors that stalk the Warhammer world.

THE ARMIES

Before the game begins the players should decide who will play the Heroic army and who will play the Monstrous army. Once this is decided both players should select armies to an agreed points limit.

The **Monstrous** player must take a single Binding Scroll from either the *Storm of Magic* or *Monstrous Arcanum* book, and does not need to pay the points cost for this. This should be a scroll representing a single Monster and not a unit of Monstrous Infantry or Cavalry.

Ignoring the usual restrictions, the **Heroic** player does not have to choose any characters for their army. Any characters they do include will not be the Army General. Instead of buying a General as normal they must select a single character from their force's Army book (not a named character) to be the General and also a set of magic items. These items may come from any Warhammer Armies book or the generic items listed in the *Warhammer* rulebook. The total cost of the character and items should equal the points cost of the Binding Scroll taken by the Monstrous player. Note that the character will not be starting in possession of the chosen items.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield is set up as described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

DEPLOYMENT

Roll off to see which player picks the half of the table they will deploy in. Their opponent then deploys in the opposite half. Players then take it in turns to deploy their units using the alternating units method described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook. Units may be placed anywhere in their deployment zone that is 12" from the centre line.

Once this is complete the Heroic player should place a number of markers equal to the number of magic items they selected earlier. None of these markers may be placed in the Heroic player's deployment zone or within 6" of each other.

FIRST TURN

The player who deployed first will take the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The winner of the game will be decided by the number of Victory points the players acquire. Victory points are acquired as follows:

Unearth a magical item: Each magic item recovered by the Heroic player's General is worth one Victory point.

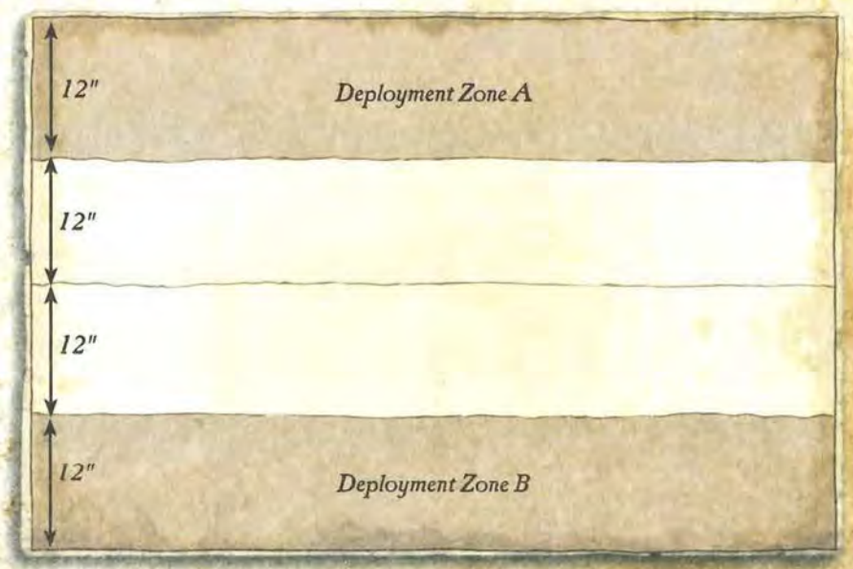
Slay the Beast: The Heroic player gains 3 Victory points if their General kills the Monstrous player's monster, or is involved in the combat in which the Monstrous player's monster is killed.

Slay the Hero: If the Heroic player's General is killed then the Monstrous player gains 2 Victory points.

Rampage: For each unit routed or destroyed in a combat involving the Monstrous player's monster, the Monstrous player gains one Victory point.

SPECIAL RULES

The Heroic player's General does not start with any of the magic items selected during army creation. To acquire these items they must capture the markers placed during deployment. Whenever the Heroic player's General moves into contact with one of these markers they should randomly select one of the remaining magic items which the General will then receive. Remove the marker once this is done.



Unleash the Packs

Using the eldritch powers contained within a ruined statue built long ago in tribute to an ancient bestial god, a wizard utters the words from a scroll of Kadon and summons forth packs of hideous monsters. Unless the statue can be destroyed, the enemy army may soon find themselves overwhelmed by an ever-increasing tide of savage beasts.

THE ARMIES

Roll off to see which player will be the **Defender** and which will be the **Attacker**, with a suggested army size of 2,000 points each.

The Defender chooses their force as per their Warhammer Armies book.

The Attacker chooses their force in the same way, except that they gain a 25% Binding Scroll points allowance in addition to the agreed upon allowance for their main force. This can only include either Monstrous Infantry or Monstrous Cavalry bought as Binding Scrolls and fielded with a unit size of three or more.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

DEPLOYMENT

The Defender picks which half of a 6' x 4' table they will deploy in and then immediately deploys their entire army.

The Attacker then deploys all of the units they bought with Binding Scrolls in their deployment zone – all of these units gain the Vanguard special rule. The rest of their army gains the Ambushers special rule and so will not be placed on the board during deployment.

Once both armies are deployed, a suitable piece of terrain is placed by the Defender anywhere between the two deployment zones to represent the ancient idol.

FIRST TURN

The Attacker takes the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The battle lasts for six turns or until a time limit agreed by the players is reached, whichever comes first.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The player in control of the idol at the end of the last turn is declared the winner. Use Victory points to determine the winner of the battle if no player controls the idol when the turn limit is reached, as described on page 143 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

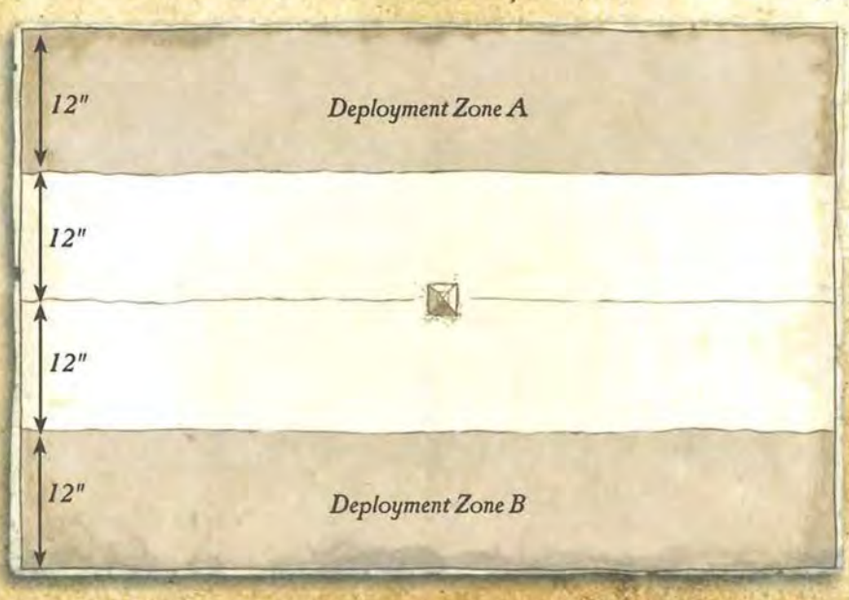
SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

Idol of Beasts: The weathered effigy lying upon the battlefield is a tribute to one of the many bestial gods the primitive inhabitants of the region worshipped centuries before.

A player controls the statue if at least one of their units is in contact with it and there are no enemy units in contact with either the objective or the controlling unit.

If, after all close combats have been resolved for a given turn, the Defender has control of the statue, all the Attacker's Binding Scroll units gain the Stupidity and Always Strike Last special rules.

If, after all close combats have been resolved for that turn, the Attacker has control of the statue, the Attacker can immediately deploy a unit of Monstrous Infantry or Monstrous Cavalry previously destroyed or routed from the board. The unit is identical to the original unit in size and composition and enters the board from any point (chosen by the Attacker) on a random table edge as Reinforcements (see page 27 of the *Warhammer* rulebook).



The Dragon's Egg

When the winds of magic gutter and wizards find themselves once again limited in power and unable to chain mighty beasts of war with Scrolls of Binding, generals still clamour for powerful monsters to include in their force. When the nest of a dragon or other beast is discovered, armies will be raised to drive out their monstrous guardians in order to claim the eggs found within so that they can be raised as loyal and terrible allies.

THE ARMIES

Before selecting their armies the players should decide who will be the **Defender** and who will be the **Attacker**.

The Attacking player should select their army as normal, up to a points value agreed by the players beforehand.

The Defending player spends their entire points allowance on Binding Scrolls from the *Storm of Magic* and *Monstrous Arcanum* books to represent the monstrous horde.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Terrain should first be placed on a 6' x 4' table as described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

The Defender then places D3+1 objective markers within their deployment zone to represent the monsters' nests and eggs.

DEPLOYMENT

Starting with the Defender, the players take turns deploying their units according to the alternating deployment rules on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook and using the deployment zones shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

The players roll off after finishing deployment to see who has the first turn. The player who finished deploying first gains a +1 bonus.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

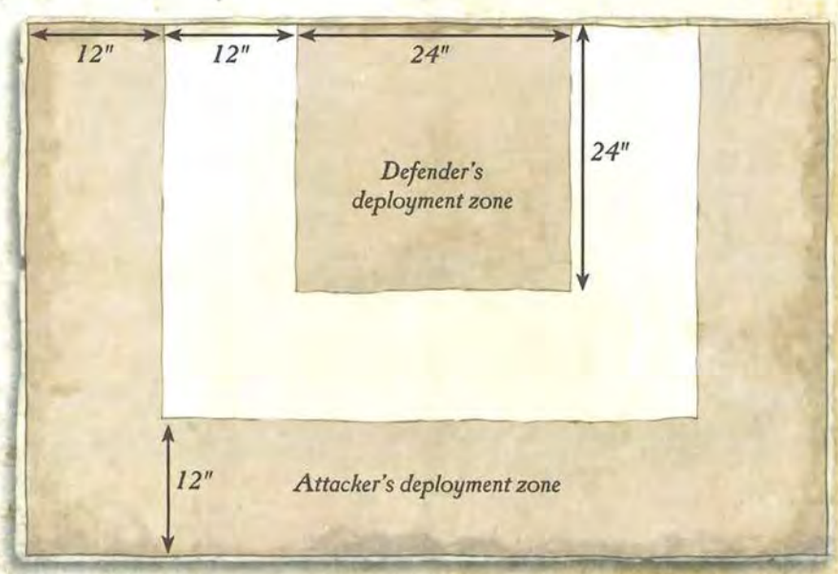
At the end of the game, the player with the most Victory points wins. Victory points are gained in the following manner:

The Attacker gains 1 Victory point for each objective held by one of their units at the end of the game.

The Defender gains 1 Victory point for each objective not held by one of the Attacker's units at the end of the game.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

An Attacker's unit is considered to be holding an objective if it has moved into contact with it. That objective will now move with that unit until the unit is destroyed or routed from combat. If this occurs then the marker is placed on the table where the unit was destroyed or the point where it was routed. It can then be retrieved by another unit.



Grand Summoning

A Storm of Magic scenario

The warriors of the Warhammer world know full well that the wilds abound with all manner of hideous and ferocious beasts. Thankfully such creatures rarely venture forth from their dismal lairs to plague the world, their infrequent rampages the subject of terrifying myth and legend.

Yet when the storms of magic rage wizards gain the power to summon forth these fel beasts and bind them to their will, wreaking havoc on those foolish enough to stand against them. A bold general will therefore brave any danger for the chance to strike before such terrors can be unleashed upon him.

THE ARMIES

Before play starts decide which player will be the **Defender** and which will be the **Attacker**. This can be decided either by agreement between the players or with the roll of a dice.

The Attacker selects an army using the standard rules up to a points value decided on by both players. The Attacker may make use of either Pacts or Mythic Artefacts, but cannot take any Binding Scrolls.

The Defender selects an army using a points value that is 50% of the Attacker's total (although if the Attacker is using a grand army, the Defender's army will also count as a grand army regardless of the points value used for unit selection purposes). Also, the Defender may spend an amount equal to 50% of the Attacker's total points on Binding Scrolls.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The number of terrain pieces to be deployed is determined as normal on a 6' x 4' table, but all the terrain pieces are placed by the Defender.

The Attacker should then place three Arcane Fulcrums on the board. One must be deployed in each player's deployment zone and the remaining Arcane Fulcrum outside both of the deployment zones. No Arcane Fulcrum should be within 18" of another Fulcrum or within 6" of any table edge.

DEPLOYMENT

The Defender deploys their normal troops first, leaving all their creatures summoned as part of their Monsters and Magic allowance in reserve. They then deploy their troops in their deployment zone as shown on the map below.

The Attacker deploys their entire army once the Defender is finished within their own deployment zone, as shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

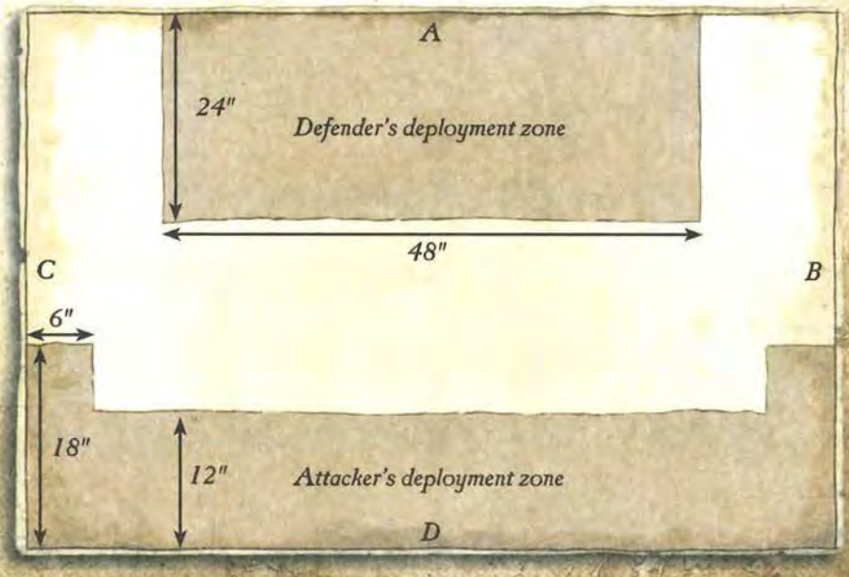
The Defender takes the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The player who controls the most Arcane Fulcrums at the end of the game is the winner.



SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

This scenario uses the Magical Flux, Wild Magic and Arcane Fulcrums rules. At the end of each of the Defender's turns, starting with turn 2, after all close combats have been resolved, they should roll a D6 to see if their Binding Scrolls have been used successfully. This roll can only be made on turns in which a Wizard the Defender controls occupies an Arcane Fulcrum. If the Defender has Wizards in multiple Arcane Fulcrums then they gain a bonus of +1 to the Summoning roll for each additional Arcane Fulcrum after the first. The table below shows the D6 roll required to have successfully summoned them.

Turn	D6
2	6+
3	4+
4	2+
5	Auto
6	–

Once the roll has been passed (or the fifth turn has been reached at which point they automatically appear), the bound units should be placed at the edge of the board immediately. Roll once on the following table for each unit to see which table edge they appear on, the Defender may choose where on the table edge they are placed.

D6	Result
1-2	The Defender's table edge (labelled A on map).
3	The short edge to the Defender's left (labelled B on map).
4	The short edge to the Defender's right (labelled C on the map).
5-6	The Attacker's home edge (labelled D on the map).

After being placed, the Binding Scroll units act as normal and move normally when the Defender takes their next turn.

Path of Destruction

A Storm of Magic scenario

Two opposing armies are on the march. Both are headed to a village strangely spared the horrors of war and disease that have plagued the region for decades. This seemingly peaceful oasis of calm is not all it seems. The wizards of both armies have discovered that the village was originally built upon the lair of a great and terrible monster. Dormant for many years a rapidly approaching storm of magic will finally awaken it, but which army intends to save the poor peasants and which one will damn them to destruction believing them to have already been corrupted by the insidious presence of the beast?

THE ARMIES

Each player chooses their force as per the Storm of Magic scenario detailed on page 25 of the *Storm of Magic* book, up to a points value agreed between the players before the game.

You will also need a single model to represent the monster. This will fight independently of both armies. It should be represented using a Binding Scroll worth at least 150 points to a limit agreed upon by both players.

Both players should roll off to decide which player will be the Villagers' **Saviour** and who will be their **Destroyer** (see the Scenario Special Rules section opposite for more details).

THE BATTLEFIELD

Deploy terrain onto the table normally, however in addition to the other terrain each player should also deploy D3 buildings in the area between the two deployment zones. Then roll D6+3 to see how many Villagers there will be in total.

The players then take it in turns to place each Villager, rolling off to see who will place first. Each Villager must be deployed outside of both deployment zones, but no closer than 12" to another Villager (Villagers should be represented by a single infantry figure on a 20mm or 25mm base).

DEPLOYMENT

Roll off to see which player picks the half of the table they want to deploy in. Their opponent then deploys in the other half. Both armies are deployed within their table half, but no closer than 12" of the centreline.

FIRST TURN

Roll off after deployment to see which player takes the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The battle lasts for six turns or until a time limit agreed by the players is reached, whichever comes first.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Whoever has the most Victory points at the end of the game is the winner. See the Special Rules section opposite for more details.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

Clear Intentions: Each player will score Victory points based on their role in the battle. Each role representing the player's intentions towards the Villagers:

Destroyer – When one of the Destroyer player's units comes into contact with a Villager, the player removes the Villager from the table and places it nearby to help keep tally of their progress. Each Villager in their possession at the end of the game is worth one Victory point. This represents their troops savagely slaying each 'tainted' Villager they encounter.

Also, each Destroyer unit which comes into contact with a Villager and removes it in this fashion gains the Frenzy special rule.

Saviour – When one of the Saviour player's units comes into contact with a Villager, the player removes the Villager from the table and places it nearby to help keep tally of their progress. Each Villager in their possession at the end of the game scores them one Victory point. This represents their troops rescuing the Villagers they encounter and attempting to shelter them within their ranks.

Also, each Saviour unit which contacts a Villager and removes it in this fashion gains the Stubborn special rule.

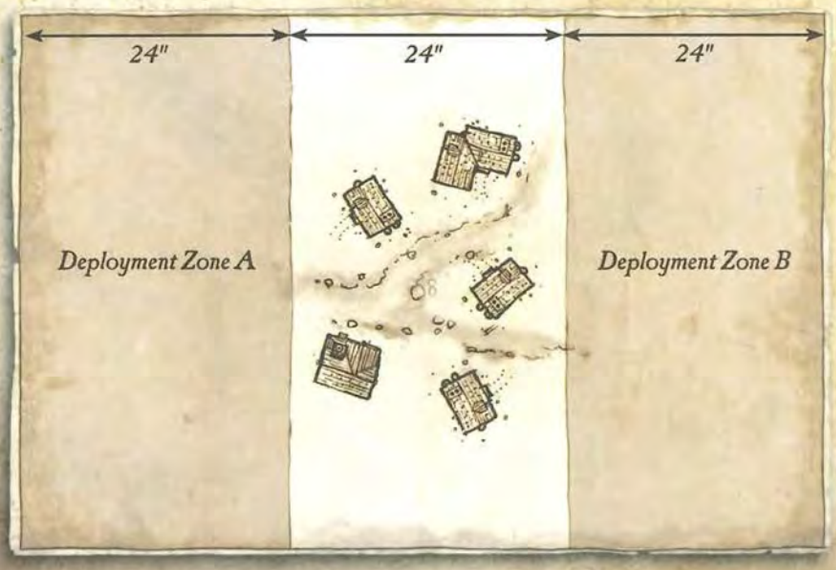
The Beast Rises – At the start of the first player's turn 2, before any charges are declared, place the Binding Scroll Monster at the centre of the table to represent it rising up from its subterranean lair. Both players should immediately roll a D6. Whoever scores the highest will control the Binding Scroll Monster until turn 3. It will act normally and may declare charges during its first turn.

At the beginning of each of the first player's subsequent turns (i.e. the first player's turn 3, 4, 5 and 6), before any charges are declared both players should roll again to see who will be controlling the Monster that turn. The following modifiers apply:

Currently has possession of the most Villagers	-1
Controlled the Monster last turn	-1
Most Wizards currently on the table	+1

If a player gains control of the Monster whilst it is engaged in combat with one of their units, the combat immediately ends and the Monster is moved 1" away from the unit it was previously in contact with.

Should the Monster come into contact with a Villager then the Villager is immediately removed, but neither side gains any Victory points for it. In addition, if the Monster destroys a unit which has gained a special rule by contacting with a Villager then that unit's player must pass the Villager model over to their opponent.



The Haunted Manor

A Storm of Magic scenario

All across the Warhammer world there are ancient sites so saturated with the power of magic that they attract greats swarms of phantasmal spirits and trap them in the mortal world. Even the fear of such accursed places is enough to keep most creatures away, but when the storms of magic stir these locations into raging maelstroms of power, wizards are drawn to them to harness that power for their own purposes.

THE ARMIES

Both players select an army using an army list from a Warhammer Armies book to an equal points value decided before the game. In addition, each player can spend an extra 25% of that value again on Scrolls of Binding, Pacts and Mythic Artefacts from the *Monstrous Arcanum* and *Storm of Magic* books.

Due to the size of the table used in this scenario being larger than usual, it is recommended that players use grand armies.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Use a playing area that is 6' x 6' and divide it into nine separate sections, each 2' x 2' – this is most easily accomplished by using nine Realm of Battle tiles to form your playing area. In each of the four corner sections, labelled A on the map opposite, place a single Arcane Fulcrum. Players then take it in turns to deploy the Arcane Fulcrums, rolling a dice to see who will place one first. In addition, in the middle of the central section, labelled B on the map, place a single large building to represent the Haunted Manor.

DEPLOYMENT

The players should then roll off to see who gets to choose which is their deployment zone – the player that wins then selects one of the sections labelled C on the map in which to deploy their army. Their opponent then deploys in the opposite section. Once deployment zones have been decided, players should deploy their armies using the Alternating Units deployment method described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

FIRST TURN

Roll off after deployment to see which player takes the first turn. The player that finished deploying their army first adds +1 to their roll.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The player who controls the most Arcane Fulcrums at the end of the game is declared the winner.

SPECIAL RULES

THE HAUNTED MANOR

The Haunted Manor should be represented by a large building capable of being garrisoned (see page 126 of the *Warhammer* rulebook). It counts as an Arcane Fulcrum and can be garrisoned by an Infantry unit or Monstrous Infantry unit in addition to being occupied by a Wizard. If a friendly Wizard is occupying the Haunted Manor then all that player's Wizards gain access to the following spells depending on whether they can claim **Presence**, **Equilibrium**, or **Dominance** of the battlefield:

ETHEREAL BRIDGE **Cast on 10+**

Presence. *The spirits bound within both the Haunted Manor and the Arcane Fulcrums that surround it can be called upon to carry supplicants through the storm-wracked sky.*

This spell targets any friendly unit on the battlefield that is not in combat. That unit is immediately moved to within 6" of any Arcane Fulcrum on the table – it must retain its original formation but may be placed facing in any direction. In addition, the targeted unit will cause Fear until the end of the next Magic phase. If it already causes Fear then it will cause Terror instead.

CLOAK OF SPIRITS **Cast on 15+**

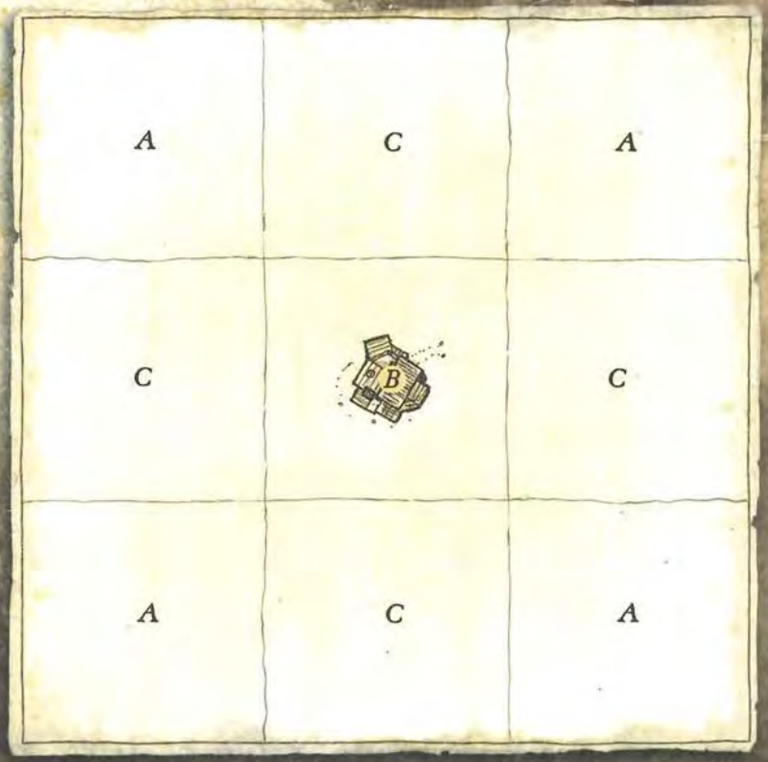
Equilibrium. *Once a Wizard calms the storm of spirits surrounding the Haunted Manor he can direct them to aid his allies, surrounding them with a shield of screaming and wailing ghosts.*

Remains in play. Cloak of Spirits is an **augment** spell with a range of 36". The targeted unit gains the Ethereal special rule for the duration of the spell and will also cause Fear. If it already causes Fear then it will cause Terror.

PHANTASMAL STORM **Cast on 30+**

Dominance. *Rather than attempting to calm the tides of spiritual chaos coursing through the sky around the manor, a Wizard can choose to amplify them – to set loose a horde of frenzied ghosts upon the enemy, that will claw at their very souls.*

Phantasmal Storm is a **direct damage** spell. The spell targets every enemy unit within 2D6" plus an additional distance of 2D6" for each Arcane Fulcrum you control. All models in the targeted units take a single S8 hit against which no Armour saves can be taken (Ward saves and Magic Resistance saves may be taken as normal). These hits roll to wound against the target's Leadership value rather than their Toughness value. For example, a model with Ld 7 would be wounded on a 3+.



Storms End

Whilst the storms of magic howl wizards across the Warhammer world find their powers magnified and the control of the mightiest monsters within their grasp. But when the storms fade and the winds of magic gutter and stall, their power wanes and their monstrous thralls regain their will. Once free of their onerous servitude they are quick to unleash their savage nature on their erstwhile allies.

THE ARMIES

Both players choose a force using the army list from a Warhammer Armies book to an equal points value agreed before the game. Each player can spend an extra 25% of that value again on Scrolls of Binding. Both sides must take at least one Scroll of Binding.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

DEPLOYMENT

Roll off to see which half of a 6' x 4' table the winning player will deploy in. Their opponent will deploy in the other half.

The player who won the roll then deploys their entire army, except for any creatures summoned as part of the Monsters and Magic allowance. Once the first player has finished their deployment, the second player deploys their army, again leaving out anything summoned by Scrolls of Binding.

Once both players have finished, the first player should roll a D6 and consult the table opposite to see what section of the board they must deploy their models which are summoned using Scrolls of Binding in. Once they have deployed them as instructed, the second player rolls on the same table and deploys their own Binding Scroll creatures.

FIRST TURN

After deployment the player that set up second rolls a D6. On a roll of a 6 they can decide who will take the first turn. On a roll of 1-5 the player that set up first chooses who will take the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Use Victory points to determine the winner of the battle, as described on page 143 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

At the start of turn 2, the players roll a D6 to see if the Storm of Magic comes to an end. Use the table below to see what result will end the Storm of Magic on a particular turn. At the start of turn 6 the Storm of Magic will automatically end if it has not done so already.

Turn	D6
2	6+
3	5+
4	4+
5	3+
6	Auto

Once the result rolled indicates that the Storm of Magic has ended, no further rolls need to be made.

Binding Scroll units deployment table

D6	Position
1-2	Right
3-4	Centre
5-6	Left

Once the Storm of Magic has dissipated, all Scrolls of Binding cease to function, Immediately roll a D6 for each unit or monster selected using a Bound Scroll on the table below, this will decide their behaviour for the rest of the battle.

D6 Result

1 Free of the Scroll of Binding's influence, the creature struggles to come to terms with the raging battlefield it finds itself on. The unit/monster gains the Stupidity special rule and at the start of each turn in which it should act it will move directly towards the nearest long table edge as fast as possible. Should it contact any unit, either friend or foe, during its movement it will count as charging (the target may not respond with a charge reaction). Once it reaches a board edge the unit/monster is removed from play, but its player's opponent scores no Victory points for it.

2-4 Belligerent and confused the creature stands its ground and attacks anything that draws near. The monster/unit will not move for the rest of the battle and becomes Unbreakable, except that during the Charge sub-phase if it could declare a charge against any unit, whether friendly or foe, then it must declare a charge against the closest target. It will also turn to face towards the closest unit in its Movement phase if it does not charge, and will use any breath or other ranged weapon against the closest unit in range if possible. The monster/unit will target both enemy and friendly units equally. If the monster/unit is engaged in melee or charges, it will fight as normal, but will not pursue fleeing enemies.

5-6 Maddened by its time as a mindless thrall the monster throws itself into combat. The monster/unit gains the Frenzy and Hatred special rules (it can never lose Frenzy even if beaten in combat). During the Movement phase it will charge the closest friendly or enemy unit as described in the Frenzy special rule, and the monster/unit is considered to have always failed a Leadership test required to restrain it from charging. If it does not charge then it will turn to face the closest unit and move as close to it as possible.

Storm the Walls

A town is under siege. Unable to break through the strong defensive walls surrounding it, a terrifying monster has been summoned by the Wizard of the besieging army to bring an end to the stalemate. Alerted to the townsfolk's plight, local forces have come to their aid, but can they battle through the besieging army before the monster breaks through the walls and wreaks its destruction upon the terrified people inside!

THE ARMIES

Both players choose a force using the army list from a Warhammer Armies book to an equal points value agreed before the game. Each player can spend an extra 25% of that value again on Scrolls of Binding. Both sides must take at least one Scroll of Binding.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The town's walls stretch along one of the long table edges. If desired the players could place a Watchtower at each corner of this edge with some castle walls along the edge itself between them to represent this if they have them in their scenery collection. Both players then take it in turns to place a further D6 terrain features on the battlefield as described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook. Roll to decide who places the first terrain piece and then alternate their placement.

DEPLOYMENT

The **Attacker's** army deploys up to 12" away from the castle walls.

The **Defender's** army moves onto the board in their first turn using the rules for reinforcements on page 27 of the *Warhammer* rulebook. The Defender chooses any point on their home table edge for each unit to enter from.

FIRST TURN

Roll off after deployment to see which player receives the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The battle lasts for a minimum of six turns, or until a time limit agreed by the players is reached, whichever comes first. If the Attacker's monsters manage to break through the town walls before then, then the game ends immediately.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

If the town's defences are breached then the Attacker wins. If they are not breached, then the Defender wins.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

This scenario uses the Scenario Special Rules on page 26 of the *Storm of Magic* book, except for the Arcane Fulcrum rules. In addition it also uses the following special rules:

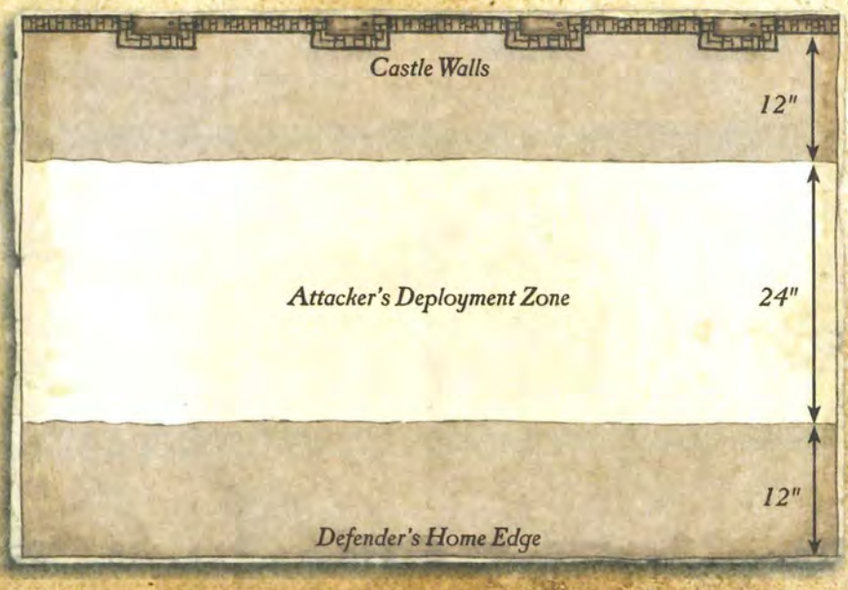
Breaking down the defences: Only units with the Troop Type Monster may attack the walls. Attacks may be made at any point along the table edge designated as the town's walls.

The walls cannot attack back and do not take any Leadership based tests, represented by (-) in their profile below. If reduced to zero wounds they are considered to have been breached and the battle ends.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Walls	0	-	0	10	8	20	0	0	-

Ward save (4+), Robust & Unbreakable.

Robust: The following special rules have no effect on the walls: Poisoned Attacks, Killing Blow, Heroic Killing Blow and Multiple Wounds. They ignore any attacks or effects which cause them to be removed from the table instead of suffering wounds. They also cannot be Stomped or Thunderstomped.



The Fall of Tor Karyndis

A Warhammer campaign

I discovered the following text amongst a selection of water-damaged tomes in Estalia after the sack of Kuliis. Having no understanding of the elaborate script of the Elves, their owner had little idea of its value, and already having denuded it of decorative gems and inlaid golden wire he sold me the remaining pages cheaply. I have transcribed the near ruined passages here and attempted to copy the figurative illustrations as closely as I may. In short it appears to be a record of a large military and trading expedition of the scions of Ulthuan, penned almost two centuries ago. The final passages in particular proved interesting, particularly in light of my own dealings with the enemy that came for the High Elf lords in the night...

...and through all their crude ruses the gallant Prince Palanaith held true to Elf dignity. We left the grey halls of Estalia 'ere the ink had yet dried upon the pages of our accord, repairing to the solemn ruins of Tor Karyndis. There, amid the echoes of fair Ulthuan, we raised bright pavilions for the Prince and his retinue whilst we awaited the white ships of Lothern. Fortunately the once-glorious halls of Karyndis were still whole and able to accommodate the host of soldiers accompanying the Prince.

After studying maps of Estalia I believe that Tor Karyndis is known in Estalia as the Broken Tower, held by the locals to be the lair of a degenerate and terrible Dragon of some kind that slumbers beneath it, rousing to ravage the lands around every few decades or so.

The coming of the dawn brought with it ill news. Kaldain of Nagarythe, sometimes called 'The Red', returned from the wild with word of massing hordes of foul (unintelligible word) and his own narrow escape from them, whilst the kin-mage accompanying us spoke of a rising tempest amongst the fickle winds of magic. Valaun, lord and warrior of the Prince's court, begged his liege to allow him to bring the massed Silver Helms of our entourage against the ragged creatures and exterminate the vermin as they deserved. With many days yet before our sea voyage would begin, Prince Palanaith gave his noble cousin leave, even declaring that he would observe such a worthy endeavour from the walls of the Tor.

Valaun, attired in the shining mail and tall helm of a trueborn son of his blood and station, went forth at the head of a host of Silver Helms to meet the hundreds of rat-men spilling from the distant woods. A scabrous and unclean tide were they, advancing with no sense of decorum or pride. Even before brave Valaun and his warhost reached them, the craven creatures began to flee, and as the line of silver-clad horsemen smashed into them the entire mass broke and scattered. Valaun pursued the rat-men to the edge of the trees, far out of range of the archers waiting upon the Tor's walls and it was there that a trio of nightmarish creatures burst from the dense woods and tore into the dispersed Silver Helms. Almost as large as a Griffon, these beasts appeared to be horrifically mutated rats reeking of taint and abominations in the sight of the world.

Most likely these are 'Brood Horrors, a strain of gigantic rat favoured by the Skaven for its ferocity, and known to me in mine own battles. Due to the price demanded for such creatures they are rarely risked in combat, except in the most important battles – although the implied compliment would no doubt be lost on the Elves.

We watched as Valaun, the brave lord, was dragged from his horse and devoured by one of the beasts, his comrades desperately trying to drag him from the monster's clutches only for themselves to be brought low by the beast's frenzied attacks. Enraged, Prince Palanaith left the wall at once, calling for his armour and ordering our archers onto the field to aid the Silver Helms as they struggled to withdraw. However, even as the archers assembled in precise lines, yet another horror was unleashed from within the twisted depths of the forest. Packs of creatures came—grotesque and rat-like with lithe, lupine bodies—by the score they swarmed around the Silver Helms, pulling down riders and setting their mounts to panic their frenzied bloodlust growing more violent even as they fed on fallen horses and riders.

Wolf Rats. Some believe them to be merely fable, the truth is far worse.

Bounding forwards after savaging the Silver Helms they threw themselves at the archers assembling outside. Only the appearance of Caluandr of Cothique on the walls forestalled more death as he conjured a wall of fire to drive them back. With night drawing close Prince Palanaith, now clad in his ornate spell-wrought armour of sea gold, ordered everyone within the walls, setting some to watch for a renewed attack and others... (portion of text unintelligible)

The rat-men reappeared during the black of night, revealed as they approached the brightly lit walls. A blighted horde of thousands had formed up outside of bowshot, ragged banners bearing the crudely daubed sigil of a burning green eye.

This symbol, I believe, was used by a warlord clan known amongst the Skaven as Clan Skitteritch. Renowned some centuries ago for their ostentatious wealth, the Skitteritch have long since vanished according to any intelligence I possess, no doubt a victim of Skaven politics.

Amongst the morass of sickening deformity we saw no sign of the immense rats that had torn poor Valaun apart, but one amongst their ranks, a white furred creature bearing a variety of metal contrivances upon its back, appeared to be directing a huge reptilian creature, from which the rat-men cowered away. The foul thing slithered on three pairs of legs and its scaled head was covered by a large cloth cowl.

Most likely a basilisk or perhaps some kind of mutated dragon?

We had little time to contemplate our foe as the creatures surged forward uttering chittering war-cries that set even my hands trembling. Prince Palanaith stood firm, the cold light of dawn casting golden reflections from his shimmering armour. Raising high his sword, lightning churning around the enchanted blade, he called down the blessings of Asuryan and Khaine upon us and bade the Eagles Claws (bolt throwers) we had assembled earlier in the night to begin firing.

With no regard for their own our enemy herded the weakest of their number before them to be slain in huge numbers by the relentless killing rain of bolts and arrows. Even so the vast majority of them reached the walls, throwing up ramshackle ladders and grapples, whilst their bizarre war machines hurled tainted shot or foul fire into the gates and the ramparts of our redoubt.

Wave after wave of rat-men clambered onto the walls only to be cut down by the disciplined warriors of my kin awaiting them and the fighting continued for a long while with no respite in sight. Though able fighters all, we were greatly outnumbered and all knew our entourage was slowly being destroyed by sheer weight of numbers. Only Prince Palanaith and the steadfast survivors of the Silver Helms held together our defence at the last, blades slicing and cutting so that no creature could pass them.

A flash of white amongst the horde preceded the reappearance of the pale furred sorcerer and his reptilian charge. The rat-man ripped clear the cowl covering its head while gesturing at the Prince. Prince Palanaith jerked as the monster's eyes fixed upon him, and wisps of smoke began to rise from the joints of his armour. Suddenly he collapsed, foul fluids and the stench of rotting flesh spilling from the corroded metal of his ruined panoply.

A Basilisk then, reports of their poisonous gaze have long featured in folklore across the Old World. I must put more agents upon locating one of these beasts for mine own purposes.

With the death of the Prince morale faltered and many began to fall back in panic. Then Kaldain sprang up on the parapet and loosed three arrows into the head of the great reptile, spearing one baleful eye and sending it thrashing through the enemy ranks in pain and fury. Behind him Caluandr produced an ancient scroll, swiftly incanting its contents. Moments later the swirling clouds parted and a majestic flaming Phoenix descended, scattering sparks across the combatants.

The Phoenix – an Elf Legend or perhaps an incarnation of the winds of magic? A daemon of some kind? No record of such creatures exist in Estalia. I have seen and of those mentioned in the rantings of the Bright College of the Empire I have never considered them to be a reliable source of information.

As the avatar of Asuryan settled above the wall our soldiers fought with renewed courage. The Phoenix plummeted from the skies with a screech, striking the churning mass of rat-men at the base of the wall and engulfing them in an inferno of divine flame. Then it rose from the flames, unharmed, while rat-men scrambled over each other squealing in terror to escape it. Soon the entire vermin-throng was in retreat, leaving the ragged remains of our host alone atop the blood-slick walls of the Tor.

By fire and death were the foe repulsed and we that yet lived cleared the dead from the walls. The injured were taken to the upper cellars, which had been cleared before the battle and our grief was great, our host shattered. The enemy however lurked yet on the edge of darkness, chittering and screeching in the night, and we knew that soon our doom would take us. Caluandr spoke of the winds of magic already rising in a great storm and of seizing an opportunity, before retiring to the broken peak of the tower to enact some arcane ritual, taking with him the surviving Silver Helms as guards, and leaving us alone to face the disaster that was then to strike.

With our remaining company on watch above to forestall any attempts to scale the wall under cover of darkness, we were unprepared for an assault from below. We did not hear the screaming in the cellars, and not until its door collapsed in a cloud of rock-dust did we realise our true peril.

A great, scaled worm, driven by the foul magics and the cruel blades of the rat-men, had bored its way through the very rock of the Tor, and the blood of our injured kin painted its gaping jaws...

This matches the description of a Dread Maw, a serpentine dragon-kin. I have heard tales of such from travellers who have crossed the Plain of Bones on the path to Araby and beyond.

No sooner had we moved to combat the horde of creatures swarming the inner courtyard in the wake of the armoured wyrm, than did the rat-men renew their assault on the gates. The immense rat-beasts reappeared, throwing themselves against the time-worn gate which came crashing down, forcing us to flee. Two dozen Elves in the courtyard, including myself, fought their way to the tower, and barred the doors leading upwards. Those few left on the walls we could not save.

We reached the summit of the tower just as a rat-man swathed in black slew the last of the knights protecting Caluandr. Kaldain managed to slay the creature, but received a wound in return. To our dismay we saw the poison it had borne on its blade, as did Kaldain whose bleak-humoured soul seemed to find it somehow amusing. With a grim smile he threw himself below to hold back the foe with his dying strength.

Amidst all the fighting Caluandr continued his chanting, intent on some feat of the arcane while we spent our lives against the foul enemy. Suddenly he collapsed, exhausted, and the last of our hope fled. We believed Caluandr had failed, thwarted perhaps by some unseen wizard or simply that he had dared too much and paid the final price. It was then we heard the distant thrum of beating wings and we rushed to the crumbling parapet as a winged shape, huge and reptilian grey in the faltering light of the dawn, appeared. At first my heart leapt for I believed that it was a mighty dragon of my homeland, but soon even that last hope was dashed. The beast that appeared in the wan pre-dawn light resembled no dragon I know of. Greasy black smoke seemed to bleed from the ashen scales that covered its body and a dull red glow surrounded it. Even from this distance we could feel the heat that emanated from the huge beast and fear stole over me, as it stole over all, and one by one the cries of battle fell silent and the clamour of swords grew dim until only cruel silence and the beating of those terrible, vast wings could be heard.

This may be one of the Magma Dragons of legend. Did this Mage Caluandr actually possess a binding scroll for such a terrible beast or was his spell twisted by the storm winds of magic to call up something he could never dare have hope of controlling?

As it swept towards the tower Caluandr appeared beside us, harrowed and gaunt as if all life had been burned from his bones, and bid us to flee. His words broke the hold of fear that had stifled us as the terrifying beast landed, its claws catching hold of the battlements as a vulture grapples a carcass on which it wishes to feed. The dragon then vomited a steaming cloud of acidic ash into the close packed rat-men that cowered away from it, and all was screams and burning darkness.

Led by Caluandr we few survivors fled, intending to escape during the confusion down the stairway of the tower, and at last across the courtyard where rat-man and monster alike were scrambling in blind panic to avoid the huge dragon. In such madness the survivors were quickly separated, and I and my close kin fought as if possessed with the fury of Khaine himself, and cut a path towards one of the lesser gatehouses, but brave Caluandr was caught by the jaws of the beast he had dared summon and was slain. From the slaughter I ran and the cries of terror and agony that pursued me I shall never be able to forget.

I alone lived through that terrible battle, save for the great and nightmarish dragon who was its only true victor. Bands sent out to search for other survivors and to reclaim our dead have returned only with tales that the beast has now made a home of the battle site, and now it tears at the half tower in blind malice. Soon its hunger will drive it forth. I fear it is only a matter of time until...

Interesting. Legends tell of the Dragon of the Broken Tower's belligerence, perhaps a by-product of a flawed binding scroll or merely the Elf Mage overreaching his grasp? More research will be needed if I am to turn this knowledge to my advantage.

Tor Karyndis Campaign

Stories and narratives provide an excellent framework on which to base exciting battles and campaigns. As an example this section is intended to allow players to recreate the battle fought amongst the ruins of Tor Karyndis from the story on the previous pages. The rules and scenarios provided focus on following the flow of the story more than providing a perfectly balanced game. Hopefully players will see this as an interesting challenge rather than an obstacle – although you should feel free to adjust elements to fit your own preferred style of play or gaming group. Also featured in the campaign are Binding Scrolls, but we have steered away from the use of Arcane Fulcrums or the full range of Storm of Magic rules as not all of them are relevant.

While the Battle for Tor Karyndis is fought between the Skaven and High Elves, the rules presented here can easily be adapted for other combinations of races. Simply change the names of the characters involved and represent them with the most appropriate type of character from your chosen army list, changing all equipment and items to a selection available from the appropriate Warhammer Armies book.

PLAYING THE MINI-CAMPAIGN

The Tor Karyndis mini-campaign is played out through a series of linked battles. Each of these battles is represented by a special mission and the outcome of each of these battles has a particular effect on the battles to follow, represented by the Tide of Battle rules. Who wins is decided in the final climatic battle of the mini-campaign, with the effects and results of the prior battles shaping the forces used in the final conflict.

USING CHARACTERS IN THE CAMPAIGN

The Tor Karyndis campaign uses a 'closed' group of characters which represent the forces and characters available in a particular place and time. It is their presence and the (mis)fortunes of war they endure that help tie the campaign's battles together and lends consequence to their actions that just fighting games in isolation of each other can never do!

In this campaign each 'side', i.e, the Skaven and High Elf forces, has a finite pool of characters to draw from, and is not free to select other characters during the campaign, except from their 'Character Pool'. Aside from this the normal rules for using characters in Warhammer still apply, (so an army must always have a General, and the total points limit on characters by army size still applies, etc).

These character pools are decided upon by the players before the campaign, and each named character remains the same throughout the campaign, including equipment, magic items, Wizard levels, etc. However whether a mount is selected may vary between each battle.

Each scenario will note which characters may be used in that game.

High Elf Character Pool

The High Elf Character pool comprises the High Elf special characters shown in the boxed text on page 105 and six Hero selections chosen from the High Elf Armies book. Other special characters may not be used.

Skaven Character Pool

The Skaven Character pool comprises the Skaven characters as shown in the boxed text on page 105 and eight Hero selections chosen from the Skaven Armies book. Other special characters may not be chosen.

NUMBER OF PLAYERS

This mini-campaign is broadly intended for two players, one taking the Skaven side and the other the High Elf side. However the campaign can be played by a greater number of players by attaching even numbers of new players to each side. If this is done then each Special Scenario game instead represents a phase of the mini-campaign, with an additional game played in each phase for every extra pair of players involved in the campaign. These 'extra' games should be chosen from the standard scenarios in the *Warhammer* rulebook to a points value of 1,000 points a side with 250 points of monster Binding Scrolls. The Character Pool system is still used and applies across the entirety of a particular side, and is expanded by +4 Heroes and +1 Lord on each side per extra pair of players in the campaign.

Fortunes of War

What follows are rules for representing the various characters present during the fighting in and around Tor Karyndis. If a character used in the game is removed as a casualty then roll on the table below to see how that affects them for the remainder of the campaign, add +1 to this roll if you won the game:

D6	Effect
1	**Casualty!** The character may not be used again in the campaign.
2	**Wounded.** The character starts the game with one fewer Wound than normal (down to a minimum of 1).
3	**Shaken.** The character fights the next game with -1 Ld.
4-5	**Fight another Day.** The character has escaped permanent injury and may be used again as described in the scenario.
6	**Enraged!** The character has not only escaped injury and can fight again normally, but is subject to Hatred (of everyone) for their next game!

Note that while many of these characters have set magic item and equipment lists, if they can legally purchase additional items and equipment then players may do so, paying the usual points cost for such equipment.

THE TIDE OF BATTLE

The following are the benefits granted to the players for winning a scenario:

Rats in the Hills

If the Skaven player wins the scenario, the High Elves will most likely ignore warnings of their approach and the Skaven player may re-roll all Scatter and Artillery rolls when deploying his monsters during the Valaun's Folly scenario.

If the High Elf player wins then Kaldain will be able to warn his kin of the Skaven's ambush. This will subtract -1 from all the Skaven player's rolls to begin the ambush in the Valuan's Folly scenario.

Valaun's Folly

If the Skaven player wins, their troops will begin the Assault on Tor Karyndis scenario eager to continue the slaughter. During the Assault on Tor Karyndis, the Skaven player may give D3+1 of their Skaven units (not units summoned by Binding Scrolls) the Frenzy special rule.

If the High Elf player wins, then their troops are inspired by the victory. In the Assault on Tor Karyndis scenario, the High Elf player may give D3+1 of their High Elf units (not units summoned by Binding Scrolls) the Immune to Psychology special rule.

Assault on Tor Karyndis

If the Skaven player wins the game, their force manages to scatter the Elven defenders across the Tor as they take the outer walls. In the Screaming in the Cellar scenario, once the High Elf player has deployed their troops, they may select D3 of the deployed units and remove them from the board, forcing them to enter as reinforcements with the rest of the High Elf army.

If the High Elf player wins the game, their force holds the wall against the Skaven onslaught and is able to set pickets on the walls and in the courtyard. In the Screaming in the Cellar scenario, they may add +2 to their roll to go first in turn one and may add +1 to all Reinforcement rolls.

Screaming in the Cellar

If the Skaven player wins the game, their force manages to slip assassins into the tower alongside the Elves that escape. Before play begins in the Tor Falls scenario the Skaven player may roll once on the table below for each character the High Elf player has in his army:

D6	Effect
1-2	The High Elf character manages to escape the assassins. No effect.
3-5	The High Elf character is injured during the struggle with the assassins. He starts the Tor Falls scenario with one less wound than normal.
6	The assassin's poisoned blades leave the High Elf character gravely injured and suffering from a fevered delirium. The High Elf character begins the Tor Falls scenario with only a single wound and gains the Frenzy special rule.

If the High Elf player wins the game, then they may begin the Tor Falls scenario with D3+1 units or characters deployed on the board within 2" of the Tower Entrance building and may re-roll any failed Leadership tests for units attempting to enter the battle.

The Tor Falls

This is the final battle and the victor of this battle triumphs in the mini-campaign. A High Elf victory means that the expedition force has successfully broken out of the Skaven trap, whereas a Skaven victory means they have overwhelmed and destroyed the High Elf expedition.

SPECIAL CHARACTERS FOR THE MINI-CAMPAIGN

High Elf Characters

Kaldain the Red: Should be represented by a High Elf noble with two hand weapons and the Reaver Bow. He has the Nagarythe Hatred (see page 52 of the High Elf Armies book) and the Scout rules – 140 points.

Valaun: Should be represented by a High Elf noble on Barded Elven Steed with heavy armour, shield, lance and a Sword of Battle. He, and any unit he joins, gains the Vanguard special rule – 140 points.

Prince Palanaith: Should be represented by a High Elf Prince with the Armour of Heroes, Golden Shield and a Sword of Might. Due to his legendary pride Palanaith will never refuse a challenge, nor will anyone shooting at him ever take a penalty for shooting at a target in soft or hard cover – 220 points.

Caluandr of Cothique: Should be represented by a Level 3 Archmage. Caluandr is one of the few High Elves to have studied the workings of the primitive Binding Scrolls of Kadon. His knowledge of this type of magic allows him to apply the Ambushers deployment special rule to any one unit or monster summoned with Binding Scrolls. He is equipped with a Staff of Solidity, Jewel of the Dusk and an Annulian Crystal – 315 points.

Skaven Characters

Grasshk Warpeye: Should be represented by a Skaven Warlord. Grasshk long ago lost one of his eyes in battle and has replaced it with a chunk of warpstone. Due to the effect this grisly talisman has he gains both the Stupidity and Always Strikes First special rules. The Warpeye counts as a Magic Item worth 25 points. In addition to this he is equipped with a shield, a Warlock-augmented Weapon and Worlds Edge Armour – 188 points.

Shissik the Pale: Should be represented by a level 2 Warlock Engineer. As an expert in the binding and control of hideous monsters he has learned to use their monstrous presence to shield him from the enemy on the battlefield. When within 3" of a unit or monster bought with Binding Scrolls he gains a 4+ Ward save. He is equipped with a Warpmusket, Warp-energy Condenser, and Warlock Optics – 170 points.

Scenario One: Rats in the Hills

In the bleak hills that surrounded the ruins of Tor Karyndis, the Skaven of Clan Skitteritch assembled in secret, intending to slaughter the High Elf host there with a surprise assault. All that stood in their way was a small force that Kaldain the Red had led into the hills. Warlord Grasshk Warpeye had to eliminate the High Elf and his followers if his grand strategy was to succeed.

THE ARMIES

The High Elf player selects a force from the High Elf Army book to a value of 1,000 points.

For this game the High Elf player may count Shadow Warrior units and Ellyrian Reaver units as Core choices. This force must include Kaldain the Red as its General and may take other characters within the normal limitations for the campaign (see page 104).

The Skaven player selects a force from the Skaven Army book to a value of 1,000 points, in addition they may take 250 points of Binding Scrolls. The Skaven player must take Shissik the Pale, and may select any other characters within the normal limitations for the campaign (see page 104).

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up a selection of hills and woods on a 6' x 4' table as described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

DEPLOYMENT

The Skaven player should divide their force up into two groups – these groups must contain at least one unit each. The High Elf player should select one of these groups, which the Skaven player must now deploy in deployment area A.

The High Elf player then deploys all of their army that is not deploying using the Scouts special rule in Deployment zone B,

Then the Skaven player deploys the remaining group of units in deployment zone C. Once this is done both sides deploy their Scout units, with the High Elf player placing theirs first.

FIRST TURN

Roll off after deployment to see which player takes the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for six turns.

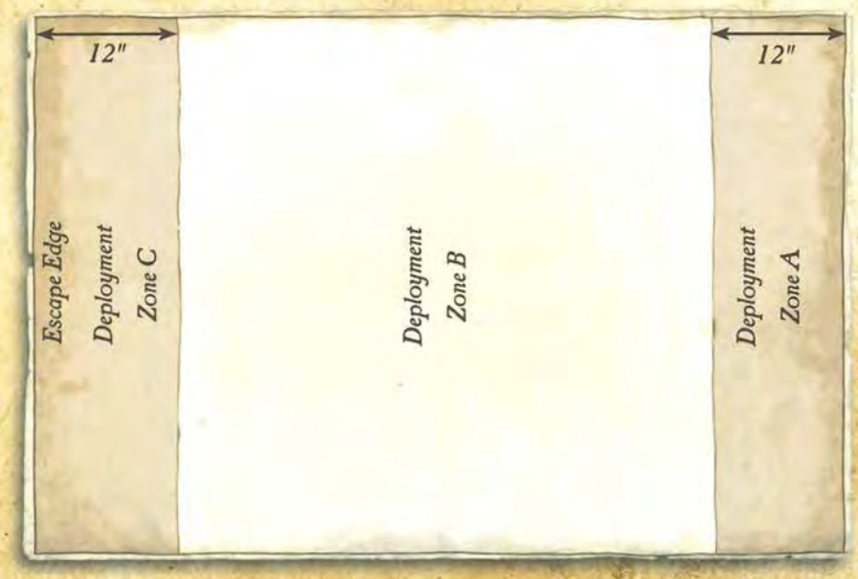
VICTORY CONDITIONS

Use Victory points to determine the winner of the game.

The High Elf player gains 2 Victory points for each of their units that exits the table edge marked Escape edge on the deployment map. The Skaven player gains 1 Victory point for each enemy unit/ character that is destroyed.

SPECIAL RULES

The rules for Magical Flux and Wild Magic from the *Storm of Magic* book are in effect for this scenario.



Scenario Two: Valaun's Folly

As the Skaven armies emerged from concealment and began to surround the Tor, the High Elf nobles within assumed that only a small force of rat-men opposed them. One of the Elf Prince's kin, Valaun, leads a foolhardy attack on the Skaven, little realising the trap that has been set for him.

THE ARMIES

The High Elf player selects a force from the High Elf Army book to a value of 2,000 points. This must include at least one unit of Silver Helms, and for this game they may count Silver Helms as Core choices. The force must include Valuan, and they may select any other characters within the normal limitations for the campaign (see page 104). All cavalry units, chariots and mounted characters gain the Berserk Rage portion of the Frenzy special rule and the Vanguard deployment rule.

The Skaven player selects a force from the Skaven Army book to a value of 1,000 points. In addition they may take 1,000 points of Binding Scrolls, and may include any other characters within the normal limitations for the campaign (see page 104).

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up a selection of woods in one corner of the board as shown on the map below. The remainder of the board may contain scattered scenery as agreed by both players.

DEPLOYMENT

The Skaven player deploys his entire force, except units summoned by Binding Scrolls, in their deployment zone as shown on the map. The Binding Scroll units will remain off the board until later, see the Special Rules section opposite.

The High Elf player then deploys their force in their deployment zone as shown below.

FIRST TURN

Roll off after deployment to see which player takes the first turn. The High Elf player gains a +1 bonus for each unit of Silver Helms they field after the first.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Use Victory points to decide the winner of the game, using the rules from page 143 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES

The rules for Magical Flux and Wild Magic from the *Storm of Magic* book are in effect for this scenario.

It's a Trap!

The Skaven player can attempt to spring the trap at the beginning of any of his turns after the first, before any charges are declared. To find out if the trap is sprung roll a D6 and consult the table below. The score required varies depending on what turn it is:

Turn	Score Required
2	4+
3	3+
4	2+
5	Auto

For each Brood Horror the Skaven player summons with their Binding Scrolls allowance, they may add +1 to the dice roll.

Once the trap is sprung the Skaven player places all of his Binding Scroll units within the wooded area. They then roll a Scatter dice and Artillery dice for each unit, moving them the indicated number of inches in the direction shown by the Scatter dice's arrow. If a Hit is rolled then the model does not move, unless a Misfire result also comes up. If a Misfire is rolled then the High Elf player may redeploy the unit anywhere within the wooded area.

Once placed the Binding Scroll units may act as normal for the rest of the turn and may declare charges.

Scenario Three: Assault on Tor Karyndis

As more and more Skaven massed outside the hastily reinforced walls of the Tor, the High Elves prepared themselves for the inevitable onslaught. With the comforting dark of night descending around them, the warriors of Clan Skitteritch began the assault.

THE ARMIES

The High Elf player selects a force from the High Elf Army book to a value of 2,000 points. They must include Prince Palanaith and Calaundr the Mage if available and may select any other characters within the normal limitations of the campaign (see page 104). The High Elf player may also include up to 650 points of Binding Scrolls.

The Skaven player selects a force from the Skaven Army book to a value of 2,000 points. They must also include Warlord Grasshk Warpeye if he has survived, and may select any other characters within the normal limitations for the campaign (see page 104). The Skaven player may also include up to 1,000 points of Binding Scrolls.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Stretching across the width of a 6' x 4' board, 12" from the High Elf edge is a section of the walls of Tor Karyndis. The wall itself should be 6" wide and can be represented by either a suitable piece of scenery or by marking out the area it occupies with string or another type of marker. It should be divided, by mutual consent amongst the players, into six small buildings as per the rules for multipart buildings (see page 129 of the *Warhammer* rulebook).

It is recommended that the wall is split into six seperate 12"x6" sections. One section should be nominated as the gatehouse, whichever side last had a unit garrisoning the gatehouse may move any and all units through that building without having to garrison it.

Once the wall has been set up on the table, the High Elf player may place a single Arcane Fulcrum within 6" of the wall. The rest of the board can be covered by scattered terrain using the standard rules (see page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook).

DEPLOYMENT

The High Elf player deploys first. They may deploy their army anywhere within 6" of the wall, and may begin with units garrisoning segments of the wall.

The Skaven player sets up their army second, deploying all units within the deployment zone shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

Roll off after deployment to see which player takes the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

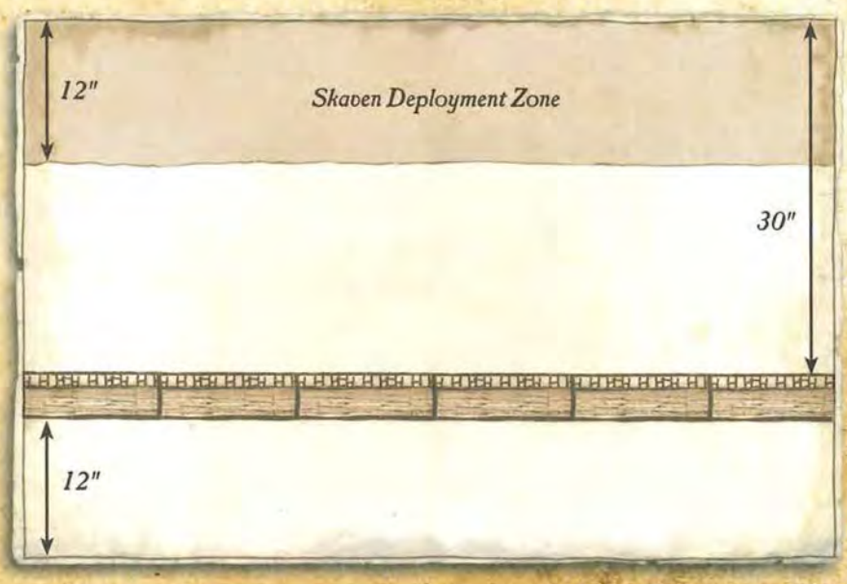
The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of each player's turn, beginning in their second turn, each player will score 1 Victory point for each wall section they have a unit garrisoning. At the end of turn 6 the player with the most Victory points wins. If the players are tied then another turn should be played until one player gains more wall sections than the other.

SPECIAL RULES

The rules for Magical Flux, Arcane Fulcrum, Cataclysm Spells and Wild Magic from the *Storm of Magic* book are in effect for this scenario.



Scenario Four: Screaming in the Cellars

With the fighting on the walls proving to be an inconclusive bloodbath, Warlord Grasshk set a new plan into motion. Using the monstrous beasts held in thrall by his Clan Skyre allies, he tunnelled underneath the ancient cellars of the Tor and set to slaughtering the wounded High Elves sheltering there. Once the killing was over they emerged and swarmed across the unprepared defenders, many of whom attempted to flee to the tower.

THE ARMIES

The High Elf player selects a force from the High Elf Army book to a value of 2,000 points. Any characters that have survived may be included, using the normal limits for purchasing characters. The High Elf player may also include up to 500 points of Binding Scrolls.

The Skaven player selects a force from the Skaven Army book to a value of 2,000 points. He must also include Warlord Grasshk Warpeye should he survive and may include any other characters that are available up to the normal limits for the campaign (see page 104). The Skaven player may also include up to 500 points of Binding Scrolls.

THE BATTLEFIELD

A single building should be placed at the centre of a 6' x 4' table to represent the entrance to the tower. The rest of the board can be covered by scattered terrain using the standard rules (see page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook).

DEPLOYMENT

The High Elf player deploys first. They should divide their army up into two groups. The Skaven player selects one of these groups which is then deployed in the High Elf player's deployment zone. The other group is kept off the board to be used as reinforcements.

The Skaven player then divides their army up into two groups. The High Elf player selects one of these groups which is then deployed in the Skaven player's deployment zone once the High Elf player has deployed. The other is kept off the board to be used as reinforcements.

FIRST TURN

The Skaven player takes the first turn, unless the High Elf player can roll a 6 on a D6.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The High Elf player wins if the points total of those units which escaped (see the Special Rules section below) is equal to or greater than 1,000 points. Note that you should use the initial points value of any escaped units and must not reduce this value because of casualties incurred during play. Any other result is a victory for the Skaven player.

SPECIAL RULES

The rules for Magical Flux and Wild Magic from the *Storm of Magic* book are in effect for this scenario.

REINFORCEMENTS

Units from both sides will continue to enter play throughout the game. At the start of each player's turn roll once for each unit or character which has not yet entered play on the table below. If the score required for the appropriate turn is equalled or exceeded then the unit enters play as per the Reinforcements rules on page 27 of the *Warhammer* rulebook from the owning player's home edge.

Turn	High Elf	Skaven
1	-	-
2	5+	4+
3	4+	3+
4	3+	2+
5	Auto	Auto
6	Auto	Auto

The Tower

Any High Elf unit that is garrisoning the Tower Entrance building at the end of the Close Combat phase may instead be removed from the board, representing it escaping into the tower. Any units or characters removed in this fashion may not return to the table and will count as having escaped for determining the winner of the game.

Scenario Five: The Tor Falls

With most of the defending force dead or scattered, the High Elves faced almost certain defeat. Their only hope lay in causing enough damage and destruction in the courtyard with their monstrous allies, both magically summoned and bound, so that the survivors could fight their way clear and escape. With grim resolve the High Elves made ready for the coming battle.

THE ARMIES

The High Elf player selects a force from the High Elf Army book up to a value of 1,000 points. Any characters that have survived up to this point in the campaign may be included, using the normal limits for purchasing characters. The High Elf player must purchase a single Binding Scroll worth up to 650 points, which must be either a Dragon from the *Storm of Magic* book or a Magma Dragon or Warpfire Dragon from the *Monstrous Arcanum* book.

The Skaven player selects a force from the Skaven Army book up to a value of 1,500 points. They may include any characters that are available, up to the normal limits. The Skaven player may also include up to 500 points of Binding Scrolls.

THE BATTLEFIELD

A single building should be placed at the centre of a 6' x 4' table to represent the entrance to the tower. The rest of the board can be covered by scattered terrain using the standard rules (see page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook).

DEPLOYMENT

The Skaven player deploys first, setting up his entire army within the Skaven deployment zone.

The High Elf player deploys second, placing the monster summoned by the Binding Scrolls anywhere on the board as long as it is 12" away from any enemy units. The remainder of their army is kept off the board to be used as reinforcements.

FIRST TURN

The High Elf player takes the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts for six turns.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Victory points are used to decide which player has won the game. The High Elf player scores a single Victory point for each unbroken unit or character which leaves the table by any edge. The Skaven player scores a single Victory point for each unit or character completely destroyed.

SPECIAL RULES

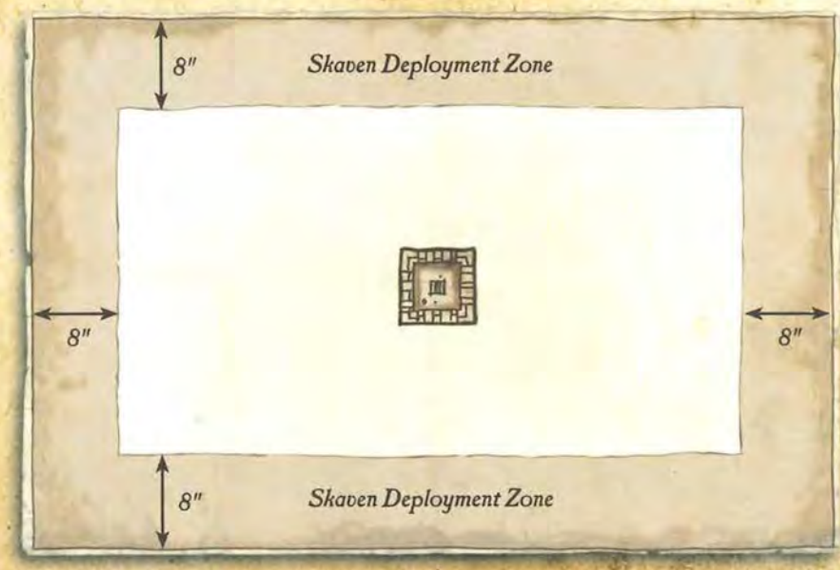
The rules for Magical Flux and Wild Magic from the *Storm of Magic* book are in effect for this scenario.

REINFORCEMENTS

The High Elf player may choose to move on any of their units and characters which began the game off-table at the beginning of any of their turns after the first. For each unit or character which they wish to bring on, they must pass a single unmodified Leadership test. If the test is failed, the unit/character may not be brought on that turn but may attempt to enter play next turn. Units entering play are placed within 2" of the Tower Entrance building in a formation and facing of the High Elf player's choosing. If there is no space for the unit to deploy in then it must wait until the following turn to deploy.

The Beast

At the beginning of each game turn, the High Elf bound Dragon is in play, the High Elf player must roll a D6. On the roll of a 1, the Skaven player controls the Dragon this turn. On any other result, the High Elf player may control it normally.



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A PANOPLY OF MONSTERS!

One of the great things about the rules for Bound Monsters and pacts is the ability it gives players to add diversity to their armies and use units they would never normally have access to in their battles. However, some players may wish to more specifically theme the selection of monsters they use in their games to better fit in with their army and suit their collection of models. The following chart is designed as an optional extra to help you do this, and you can either simply use it 'informally' as a reference guide and for inspiration, or you can use it more formally as a pattern for your games, particularly those scenarios found in this book where the full sweep of Storm of Magic rules are not in use. If you choose this latter option, locate your army on the chart and cross reference it with the monsters found in this book and in the *Storm of Magic* book.

MONSTERS	BEASTMEN	BRETONNIA	DAEMONS OF CHAOS	DARK ELVES	DWARFS	HIGH ELVES	LIZARDMEN
Chaos Siege Giant	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Carmine Dragon	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Toad Dragon	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Bile Trolls	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
K'daai Destroyer	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
K'daai Fireborn	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Bale Taurus	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Colossal Squig	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Elemental of Death	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Elemental of Fire	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Elemental of Beasts	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Exalted Vermin Lord	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Brood Horror	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Basilisk	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Necrofex Colossus	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Dread Maw	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Mourngul	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Wolf Rats	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Curs'd Ettin	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Fimir Warriors	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Khemric Titan	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Dread Saurian	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship
Merwyrm	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll
Preyton	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Arcane Phoenix	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Binding Scroll
Bull Centaur Renders	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Warpfire Dragon	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Magma Dragon	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Shard Dragon	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Skin Wolves	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Rogue Idol of Gork	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Bonegrinder Giant	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Carnosaurs	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Kinship
Chaos Dragon	Kinship	Abhorrent	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Chaos Spawn	Kinship	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Chaos Warhounds	Kinship	Abhorrent	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Chaos War Mammoth	Kinship	Abhorrent	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Chimera	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Cockatrice	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Cold Ones	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship
Cygor	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Dark Emissary	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Dragon Ogre	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Dragon	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship
Exalted Bloodthirster	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Exalted Great Unclean One	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Exalted Keeper of Secrets	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Exalted Lord of Change	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Fenbeast	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Fimir Balefiend	Kinship	Abhorrent	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Ghorgon	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Giant	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Giant Spined Chaos Beast	Kinship	Abhorrent	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Great Eagles	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll
Great Stags	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll
Great Taurus	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Griffon	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Harpies	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Hippogryph	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Hydra	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Lammasu	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Manticore	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Pegasus	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll
Plague Toads	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Razorgor Herd	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Rhinox	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Sabretusks	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Spiders	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Stegadon	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Kinship
Trolls	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Truthsayer	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship
Unicorn	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll
War Lions of Chrace	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Abhorrent
Wyvern	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Yhetee	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Zoat	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll

Where ***Kinship*** is shown, assume that you may have as many of these monsters as you like, within the limits of your Monsters and Magic allowance. Where ***Binding Scroll*** is shown, the normal Bound Monster limit applies, and where ***Abhorrent*** is listed, then only a single example of this monster may be taken, regardless of the accompanying army's size.

OGRE KINGDOMS	ORCS & GOBLINS	SKAVEN	THE EMPIRE	TOMB KINGS	VAMPIRE COUNTS	WARRIORS OF CHAOS	WOOD ELVES	CHAOS DWARFS
Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Kinship
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship
Binding Scroll	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Kinship	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
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Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship	Kinship
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
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Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
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Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Kinship
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
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Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent
Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll
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Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
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Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Kinship	Abhorrent
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent
Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Kinship	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll	Binding Scroll
Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Abhorrent	Binding Scroll	Abhorrent

Skin Wolves
Boneginder Giants
Colossal Iguig
Dread M
Hippogryphs
Preyton
Griffon
Basilisk
Wyvern
Djinn
Dread Maw

Atlas Monstrum
Mammoths
Cur'sd Ettin
K'daai
Shard Dragon
Bale Taurus
Fire Dragons
Mourngul
Magma Dragon
Fimir
Basilisk
Stone Scorpions
Spiders
Carmine Dragon
Morwyrm